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The Week

THE European situation at the moment is unquestionably brighter than it has been for many months. Chancellor Marx has proved himself a master politician by his skill in making those terms with the Nationalists which brought about the acceptance of the Dawes plan by the present Reichstag. What these terms were is not yet known but they undoubtedly included a reorganization of the cabinet to bring in one or more Nationalists. They also included the formal repudiation by the German government of that sole responsibility for the World War which was written into the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Owen D. Young has accepted the post of Agent General of Reparations and Gates W. McGarrah, Chairman of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York, will become director of the new German bank which is to be created. The "economic evacuation" of the Ruhr by France and Belgium has already begun and should be completed in a short time. The military evacuation must be finished in not more than one year from September 1. Plans are being completed for the new international loan of $200,000,000 to be made to Germany, part of which will be turned over to France at once on Reparations account. Not the least important aspect of the situation is the new lease of life which the victory over the Dawes plan has given the MacDonald and Herriot governments, and particularly the latter. For the first time there is now some real evidence that Europe is getting down to the work of restoration which should have been done in 1919 but instead was made next to impossible by the terms of the treaty then signed.

WHILE we heartily welcome a breathing space of a year or two for Europe, on almost any terms, we have already recorded our opinion that the Dawes plan in its present form is unworkable—an estimate which we believe is shared by some of the experts responsible for its terms. It requires a degree of effort and economy for which there is no precedent, and an increase in Germany's export trade which the Allied nationals will be the first to protest and combat. Most of all, it continues the virtual enslavement of the whole German nation for a term of years on the theory that she was alone responsible for causing the War. Even if this theory were to be accepted as regards the German government, it would ignore that distinction between the Kaiser's government and the common people on which President Wilson insisted; but in point of fact the Germans recognize it neither for the former government nor for the nation as a whole. They have just made an official and emphatic denial of this theory. True, they signed the Treaty of Versailles; but they did so with a pistol at their heads; and an admission of guilt obtained under such duress has and should have no standing in court.

THE Paris Matin rebukes the Germans for raising this question again. "There is a possibility," it says, "that an understanding could be reached [between the two nations] but that is possible only on one condition—that we talk business, talk realities, talk about the future, not that we talk past history." To Germany, who has already made payments in cash and kind to the amount of more than $5,000,000,000 and sees herself under an obliga-

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tion to pay at least $5,000,000,000 more, the question of that moral responsibility which after all is the sole basis for these payments, for the loss of all her colonies, the abolition of her armies, and for all the spiritual and physical suffering to which her population has been subjected, is far from being mere "past history." To her, the statement of the Matin will seem to say: "We have beaten you and are taking from you everything you possess that we can get our hands on. Kindly do not now raise the academic question as to whether this is just."

AS we go to press, President Coolidge continues to be silent on the Ku Klux Klan issue. The accepted theory among political reporters is that he has waited for the Maine election to be safely out of the way before coming out with a mild "denunciation." Such a policy in our government would be as unwise politically as it would be dishonest; the people have short memories, but not as short as all that. Meanwhile, General Dawes is having increasing reason to regret the fashion in which he "praised the Klan with faint damns" in his August speech. In a new fight between Klansmen and the sheriff at Herrin, Illinois, six men have been shot. It was of the Herrin Klan, you remember, that General Dawes said that the mob which marched to the sheriff's office were "brave men." He added: "If a secret organization to uphold law and order is justifiable anywhere in our country, it is justifiable there." Does the General still maintain this view? And if so, just how many dead men in the town morgue are necessary to convince him that after all law and order come closer to preserving Anglo-Saxon ideals than does his policy of condoning mob violence, provided only the mob feels itself to be in the right?

THE same week which sees our citizenry hugely excited over the arrival of the Prince of Wales and the virtual completion of the round-the-world flight by U. S. Army aviators finds them only mildly concerned, if at all, about an outbreak of civil war in far-away China, where a hundred thousand men are mobilized around Shanghai ready to do battle in support of the conflicting claims of two provincial governors. Lack of interest in the situation is at least partially justified by the fact that it has been a long time foreseen. For years the federal government at Peking has had only the shadow of authority. Real power lies in the hands of the military governors of various provinces, men who in personality and position are not unlike such Mexican rebel leaders as Pancho Villa. Over these in a general way are the three strong figures of Sun Yat Sen in the south, Wu Pei Fu behind the Peking group, and Chang Tso Lin in Mongolia. Under such conditions a resort to armed force is almost inevitable. For China's chaotic state foreign influences are, of course, partly responsible, since for eighty years the great powers have been weakening the authority of the Chinese government and supporting for their own ends every possible variety of factionalism. But the Chinese character is also to blame. China is not ready for an Occidental republican government founded on the assumption of a literate, politically responsible population; and it will be a long time before she reaches that point.

A LITTLE more than a year ago the twelve-hour day in the steel industry was officially "abolished," chiefly as the result of increasing pressure of public opinion which terminated in a letter of protest against the conditions in the mills written by the President of the United States. What has happened during the past year? Judge Gary, as we know, has recanted the prophecies of disaster; he could hardly do otherwise in view of the financial showing of the U. S. Steel Corporation. Social and other conditions existing after eight months of the experiment are now interestingly recorded in a special survey made by the Cabot Fund of Boston and published a short time ago. The fund's investigators report a unanimous belief on the part of managers and men alike that the change was for the better, and that the twelve-hour day is gone forever.

PROBABLY the average man, stopped on the street by an inquiring reporter, would say that the steel worker is now on a three-shift basis of eight hours a day and six days a week. The Cabot Fund report shows that this is far from true. The United States Department of Labor last January said that among the blast furnace men less than 8 percent work forty-eight hours or less, and 75 percent of the laborers work more than sixty hours. In the open hearth departments, about 4 percent of the men work forty-eight hours or less and 55 percent of the laborers work more than sixty hours. In April, 1924, the seven-day week prevailed generally even in the steel corporation plants, though the announcement has just been made that it is now entirely abandoned. Judge Gary used to make much of the theory that foreign-born men preferred the twelve-hour day because it gave them a chance for larger earnings; but little complaint has been made about reduced hours from these or any other individuals.

THE investigators report that in the mill towns the pressure of life has obviously been lessened. Men may be seen on the streets not in their working clothes—a phenomenon formerly very rare. As a rule, men reduced from twelve to eight hours have had their pay cut from a twelve-hour to a ten-hour basis, the company and the worker sharing the loss. The hysterical predictions by representatives of the steel industry that they would be unable to secure the additional labor necessary have proved as false as their threats that the cost of steel would be enormously increased. Partly because the men work harder during the shorter day, the average increase

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in employes has been only about 10 percent. The actual increase in cost of steel is said to be about three dollars a ton. The chief social problem of the steel industry at present has nothing to do with the twelve-hour day, but arises from the influx of Negroes and Mexicans due to the immigration law.

WHILE the report of the Cabot Fund does not mention it, a comparison of present fact and past prediction can only leave one with lessened respect for either the honesty or the intelligence of the guiding minds in the steel industry. For years reformers had harked upon the inhuman cruelty of the twelve-hour day. For years the high-salaried big officials had replied blandly that the reformers didn't know what they were talking about and that what was asked was economically impossible. Now it turns out that the high-salaried officials were talking through their hats. Either they were grossly ignorant of the elementary facts about their own business affairs, or they deliberately deceived the public for private ends. The situation suggests two interesting questions: Just what do these gentlemen do to earn their salaries? And is it a fair supposition that the spokesmen for big business in other lines are equally uninformed or equivocal? How about the statements that the South needs child labor, that New England manufacturers would die without a high tariff, that government operation of railroads in peace times would cost the country more than private operation does now? Shall we find eventually that the experts who make these statements are as ignominiously wrong as the steel men?

THE policy of British India has been for several years a stumbling block which has helped to prevent the League of Nations from adopting the American plan for suppressing the opium traffic. It has been argued that the government of India did not dare concur in the plan to limit the world production of opium to medicinal and scientific needs because the habit of using the drug is so firmly entrenched among the native population that existing discontent would be hugely enhanced. An interesting side light is thrown on this question by a recent action of the All-India Congress Committee. At a session at Ahmedabad it passed a resolution condemning the opium policy of the government of India as being "altogether contrary to the welfare of the people of India." It is further of the opinion that the people "would welcome the total abolition of the opium traffic for the purpose of revenue"; and it authorized a special inquiry into the habits of the natives of Assam in regard to the drug. While resolutions of committees are not to be taken too seriously, there is good reason to believe that in this case the action really does represent the best judgment of the enlightened native leaders. They quite properly regard the opium traffic as an unmitigated evil and one of the strong forces which help to keep India in chains.

THE War Department, responsible with the Navy for America's defense, wants no more war and expects no more war," says the Indianapolis Star. "It believes that the best cure for war is preparedness, a knowledge on the part of other nations that this country is ever ready to take care of itself and must not be attacked." For confirmation of the success of this plan apply to Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Italy, et al.

ON the other hand, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Scott, Reserve Corps executive officer in the District of Columbia, told an American Legion post recently that "Defense Day is a test of the country's preparedness for war," and that "war today is as sure as death." Indianapolis Star, meet Lieutenant-Colonel Scott. You boys ought to get together.

NO acknowledgment of the frankly militaristic attitude and policy of the American Legion could be more complete than that contained in Commander Quinn's recent letter to the President General of the D. A. R. The Legion is behind the mobilization, says Mr. Quinn. That is natural. He conceives the War to have proved the waste of unpreparedness, thinking, no doubt of the famous mobilizations of Russia and Germany in July, 1914. This also is scarcely unexpected. But the commitment of the Legion is based on more than history. "The government now has a military policy for which the Legion feels partly responsible." Fortunately, however, government is no one's monopoly. Friends, Methodists and Student Volunteers feel equally responsible with Mr. Quinn.

WE agree entirely with Miss Alice Paul and the recent conference of the National Woman's party in wanting "a better position for women in the United States and all over the world." We have several times disagreed with the Woman's party's uncompromising advocacy of the Equal Rights Amendment as sure to impose heavy penalties on women workers through the annulment of protective legislation for their benefit which such an amendment would make inevitable. Accordingly the Woman's party's decision to try to send to Congress a bloc of women who will put the amendment above everything else does not arouse our enthusiasm. A narrow, extreme feminism is just as discouraging as its opposite, which has ruled the world so far; and we see very little difference between voting for women who will put the Equal Rights Amendment ahead of everything else, and therefore women always ahead of men, and voting for men who have insisted on putting their own sex first so long that part of the other sex is not unnaturally in a belligerently feministic mood.

THE conduct of schools among workmen who are on strike is a rather interesting idea for adult education. The experiment, which was the subject of

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considerable discussion at the recent summer session of Brookwood Labor College, is actually being tried in District No. 2 of the United Mine Workers where 35,000 workers are on strike. Seven classes have been formed and the attendance is growing rapidly. Obviously this is not an experiment in which any public agency can very well participate. It would not do to put a premium on striking. But the establishment of a tradition requiring unions to provide schools and workers to attend them systematically during a lay-off could be only beneficial to the men and to the public. The principle might well be extended to seasonal industries. There the employers and public could reasonably be expected to share responsibility for an educational program during the slack season.

THE law's delay" and "the insolence of office" have acquired a new connotation since Shakespeare's time. Here is Joseph Baltrusaitis, the last of the federal prisoners under the Espionage act, just released from Leavenworth prison and transferred to the county jail to await deportation. But Baltrusaitis as a prisoner was born out of his due time in every sense. He was arrested in Saint Louis, November, 1920, two years after the signing of the Armistice. He was tried eight months after the Espionage act had been suspended by Congress on the quaint charge that by distributing a Communist leaflet he was interfering with military service. President Coolidge shows a sense of decency beyond his immediate predecessors in extending clemency in this case.

IN a remarkable despatch from the best of the Russian correspondents, in the New York Times, Mr. Walter Duranty describes the trial and sentence of Boris Savinkov by the Soviet's Supreme Military Tribunal. The trial, at which this most daring and implacable enemy of the November revolution admitted his tireless plots, and the sentence—one of death immediately commuted to imprisonment—should prove more clearly than any incident so far the fact, which some people still refuse to believe, that the Soviet government has come to stay. If there was anyone the Bolshevists had a right to condemn to death, it was Savinkov. More hateful than the armed opposition of Tsarist generals was the scheming of this ex-revolutionary and terrorist, the "incarnation of murderous conspiracy." His talents once directed to the killing of the Tsar's ministers, were deftly turned against former comrades. As Kerensky's Minister of War, he inspired the Kornilov and Kaledin revolts; as a fugitive he raised insurrections and instigated the attempt on Lenin's life, so nearly successful, in 1918.

WITH an extraordinary display of what the onlookers found difficult to name sincerity or histrionic genius, Savinkov frankly recounted his endeavors, and as frankly admitted that he had gradually come to think he was wholly mistaken. The admission of his error in thinking the Soviet régime infirm enough to be worth trying to break open by murder we leave to the consideration of those who are still of that mind. The confession of his plottings is worth more consideration, and should not be allowed to sink into the limbo of recent Russian history unexamined. In particular, we should like to have a good deal more light on Savinkov's admission that President Masaryk in 1918 contributed several thousand dollars toward a plot against the life of Lenin, Trotzky and other Soviet leaders, and that in the same year the French, British and American military attachés in Warsaw "collaborated in his schemes for launching partisan raids on Soviet territory." They must indeed feel sure of themselves now to spare his life.

SENATOR SIMEON FESS, Republican of Ohio, has indulged in some interesting arithmetic upon a theme where the best arithmetic is still a guess. The outcome of his tentative calculation as to how the states will vote is that Bryan is not unlikely to be the next President. He supposes that Coolidge will capture twenty-two states, with 247 electoral votes; Davis twenty states, with 200, and La Follette five states, with 39 electoral votes. From this calculation he omits New York, with which Coolidge could be elected on the above basis, but without which he could not unless he stole three states from La Follette. Thus New York seems to be the crucial state, and Governor Smith the crucial man, since his campaign would obviously swing into the Democratic column many votes which without his candidacy for governor might not go for Davis.

THE Senator clearly contemplates the possibility of the election going to the House, which would be deadlocked. An election in the House, where the vote is by states, would require a majority of twenty-five votes, of which the Democrats are likely, he points out, to fall short by five and the Republicans by six (five states being unable to vote because no party within their delegation to Congress has a majority). Thus the vote would be thrown into the Senate, which would choose as individuals, not as states, between the two highest vice-presidential candidates, presumably Dawes and Bryan. A further presumption that the La Follette group would turn to Bryan brings the Governor out the winner after a chain of interesting guesses. The truth is that nobody knows. What's your guess? It's as good as ours.

MRS. O. J. HAMMELL, who is president of the Atlantic (New Jersey) County League of Women Voters, would like to see every voter who fails to go to the polls fined $100. Further, she has observed that "women are much swayed by the personal appearance and appeal of candidates." Why not save

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the women who stay at home that $100 fine by publishing the portrait of each candidate as he personally appeared and appealed on his wedding day?

A SHARP issue of veracity is raised between Senator Wheeler and George Remus, the convicted bootlegger who is now serving his term in Atlanta prison. On the witness stand, last spring, before the committee investigating Daugherty, Remus told of making payments aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars to friends of the gentleman from Ohio. It was his understanding that he bought not only the favor of onlookers like Jesse Smith, but the favor of the entire department including its chief. He now not only repudiates this confession, but accuses Senator Wheeler of having failed to make good on a promise that if he told a convincing story he would be pardoned. This fantastic tale the Senator denies in toto. If Mr. Remus's present story were true, it would throw an ugly light on his own character, for it would reveal him as having tried to lie his way out of prison by swearing to an outrageous series of falsehoods. It is perhaps lucky for his own reputation that no one will take his current statement seriously. As between the Senator from Montana and the convicted bootlegger it is easy to decide whom to believe. What has probably happened is that some of the members of the Ohio gang, realizing how damaging were Remus's admissions, have threatened him with great harm if he did not recant. But the record still stands; and will be stronger still before the Senate has finished.

H. W. Massingham

IN some circles it has become the fashion to say that these are evil days for liberalism; and to an extent current conditions on the continent of Europe justify this view. The heightened passions of the war and post-war period have tended to drive men into the Conservative or the Radical camp. All human experience, however, confirms the view that this development is a temporary one and abnormal in so far as war itself on the huge modern scale is abnormal. Liberalism, not as a party but as a principle, the principle of seeking to secure the greatest possible amount of real happiness for the greatest possible number of people over the longest possible period of time, the liberalism which seeks to introduce into public affairs the moral and intellectual standards which an honorable, intelligent man displays in his private life—such liberalism cannot be destroyed for all time merely because the balance of power in a number of countries has for the moment tipped violently to the left or right and placed final political authority in the hands of a Trotzky or Mussolini.

Even at the present moment a man with sufficient force of character can make himself heard above the din of the fanatic extremists. No better example of the power of an individual thus to stamp the impress of his own personality on the thought of a generation not conspicuously sympathetic with it could be asked, than the career of the late H. W. Massingham, whose death at the age of sixty-four took place last week at Tintagel, Cornwall. Massingham had spent his life in journalism. During virtually the whole of his long professional experience he was, as are almost all journalists today, associated with papers which he did not own, whose editorial policy he was, in theory at least, unable to control. Yet it would be the testimony of anyone who read his work as it appeared day by day or week by week that his was a pen completely uncontrolled by any influence save his own passion for justice and truth. A vigorous crusader with a fine and biting scorn for those whom he regarded as enemies of the common good, he never struck a blow nor withheld one at the dictate of anyone other than himself. In an era when journalism was becoming steadily more commercial, the editor counting for less and less and the business office or the personal ambitions of the capitalist owner counting for more and more, Massingham was the exception which proved the rule, the solid rock in the river by which the increasing speed of the current can be recorded.

It was, of course, as editor of the London Nation, a post which he held for sixteen years and left only about a twelvemonth before his death, that he was best known on both sides of the Atlantic. The Nation never attained a large circulation; its best total was far smaller than the mere variation in sale from week to week of such a journal as the Saturday Evening Post—smaller, in fact, than the decrease which a stormy day brings in the number of copies sold of the New York Evening Journal. Yet the Nation had and has an influence out of all proportion to its number of readers, and greater than that of many journals with two hundred readers to its every one. Probably in no way could a new idea be disseminated more quickly to the quarters where new ideas matter, than in its pages. Despite the huge circulations and the enormous revenue and profits of the commercial press on both sides of the Atlantic—or because of this fact—its editorial integrity is very widely discredited. The views put forth by Mr. Upton Sinclair in his famous work on "The Brass Check" have had a wider circulation and have sunk deeper into the popular mind that even their author probably realizes. For this reason in more than one country the journal which avowedly rejects the effort to accumulate an enormous circulation or a vast advertising revenue, and tries instead to draw an intelligent picture of our changing world for intelligent readers can and does make a place for itself in contemporary thought of real significance.

Of this type of journalism H. W. Massingham was for some years a chief exponent. He had imperfections as editor and writer; but they were out-

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weighed by his broad sympathies, his alert receptivity and above all his passionate wrath for righteousness. The irony of fate decreed that before his death he should join that band of conspicuously able British liberal journalists who in recent years have found themselves without an editorial chair; but the career which preceded his break with the Nation remains as a landmark in the record of contemporary British life. Journalism could well afford a few more Massinghams to match against its Northcliffes, Hearsts and Munseys.

He's a Prince!

THE political campaigners have reason to be worried. They are not, but they ought to be. Here they go, from one end of the country to the other, trying to get themselves elected, pouring millions of words into ears visible and invisible, but if they were more sensitive they would realize that a great deal of static is sadly interfering with the attention of the voters.

The static all comes from the fact that a nice looking young man in a well-fitting suit has stepped off a boat and is having a good time dancing and riding polo ponies. Lots of nice looking young men wear well-fitting clothes and ride horses, but this particular young man happens to be a prince, the Prince of Wales, in fact; the son and heir of a well-known king. Now, unfortunately or otherwise, we have no king, not even a prince, of our own, and we seldom get a chance to see one belonging to somebody else. So those who can, rush to see him, and those who can't rush to read about him. Columns and columns and columns. Common sense and monopoly and the Ku Klux and Defense Day are nowhere. It's all the Prince. If the words already printed about him were placed end to end they would form a double track, standard gauge access to the first King of England, whoever he was, with enough left over for a thousand extra copies of the Social Register.

If this nice young man isn't already wise to himself he can learn a lot of useful facts from reading the papers. If he doesn't know the color of his eyes one look in the Daily Mirror will tell him. If he doesn't realize that his coat is double and not single-breasted a million Wales-fans will put him straight. If he is unaware that when interviewed he is nervous but will smile attractively just the same, a dozen lady reporters who asked him, "Will he marry an American girl," can describe his smile to him so he'll recognize it in a crowd next time.

If he only knew how much we cared about these little details he would surely multiply them. If he only knew what a throbbing interest is aroused by his two Oxford, rubber-heeled, high-polished shoes, he would try to wear three. If he only knew how many of our well-dressed young men want to hear about his waistcoat—which they know better than to call a vest—he would hire a statistician to count the buttons.

We're glad he doesn't know. We're glad he doesn't see all that we are given to read about him. He might think we were a rather silly crowd of people, and not realize that some go mad from thirst, some from starvation and others from not having had a king for well over a century. He is the first really square meal of nobility for years. No wonder we eat him alive.

No wonder we are told everything about him. Everything, everything. When he smiles he shows his teeth. When he raises his hat, his head is bare. A royal gesture. In the morning, he gets out of bed. In the evening, he gets back into it. It is not always the same bed, nor always the same hour. Sometimes he retires at eleven, sometimes at twelve, sometimes at one, sometimes at 2:17 (Daylight Saving). When he has breakfast (usually in the morning) he eats; and when he eats he chews. When he smokes, he lights the end of the cigarette which is not in his mouth. Does he get into his coat right arm or left arm first? Alas, we don't know yet—but give us time. At any rate, when he appears in public, his right arm is in his right sleeve, and his left arm is where it ought to be. When he goes out, his car (a high-powered Rolls-Royce) is driven by a chauffeur, on the right-hand side of the road. When he comes back, the car is still on the right-hand side of the road, but it is no longer the same side. Only princes can get away with this stuff.

This is common knowledge. There are other things about the Prince that only a few people know. They never hoard their knowledge. Sooner or later it all comes out in the papers.

"Yes, the Prince danced with me. I don't know why he singled me out. There were many girls just as attractive on board. We danced on Tuesday and again on Wednesday and Thursday. All the time he talked about his ranch in Canada. He's a perfect dancer."

"The Prince of Wales caught me on the jaw with a straight left. We were wearing 12-ounce gloves. The barometer stood at $4.32 to the pound. The Prince wore a light brown sweater. I said: 'Hit me again, Prince, like you did the first time.' He is a good boxer."

"H. R. H. shook my hand for thirteen seconds before going ashore. He has a good, firm grip. I've shaken a lot of hands in my time. He has five fingers, one of which I told him was called a thumb. He will make a good hand-shaker."

"The Heir to the throne of Great Britain wears a four-in-hand tie of double-ply triple-X Nippong silk, purple and red in diagonal, but not too diagonal, stripes. He told me he tied it himself. I think he has excellent taste."

"My Royal Rider mounted me from the port side just as the other ponies cantered on the field. He uses both stirrups. He pulled gently but firmly

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on the snaffle, leaving the curb disengaged. His touch with the whip was that of a gentleman and a sportsman. I don't believe all this about his falling off. He may have fallen with, but not off. Off is not With. When we got back to the stables the other ponies all asked why I hadn't got him to autograph the saddle. I said: 'Boys, there's a limit.' I think the Prince is a dandy horseman."

When this nice young man has gone home, he will leave behind him a large, but select, circle of people who met him, who handed him tea, who danced with him, who lent him their house, their car, their time, their dime, their cigars, who drew a laugh from him, or a bath for him. They should all band together into a great and imperishable society, united by a common vision, but decently separated as to social standing by some sort of formal degree. Thirty-second degree, the absent host; thirty-first, the young lady he danced with, and so on down from these Past Grand Masters and Exalted Ladies to the girl reporter who came near enough to see the invisible plaid in his suit, to the citizens of the county whose one mosquito bit him, to the young miss who saw him go by but was looking at the wrong automobile, to the post office clerk who cancelled the stamp on H. R. H.'s letter but didn't know it Until it Was Too Late.

Young man, we're sorry for you. And please don't think us a bunch of snobs.

Dr. Butler's Buncombe

PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, after a trip to the West to see what the Republicans had to fear from La Follette, said: "There is not only no community of interest between the farmer and the wage worker, but there is a sharp conflict between their interests. The recent rise in the price of wheat and corn and hogs, which so delights the farmer, means increased cost of living to the wage worker, while the wage worker's high wages, particularly on the transportation systems and in the manufacturing establishments, means increased cost to the farmer."

If that is so, Dr. Butler, which do the Republicans want, the labor vote or the farmer vote? Do they intend to benefit the farmer and injure the laborer, or to benefit the laborer and injure the farmer? If farmers and wage workers cannot seek a common advantage by uniting behind La Follette, can they seek one by unting behind Coolidge? Or Davis? The Republicans and the Democrats should agree between themselves which shall be the party of farmers and which that of wage workers. One must then devote its energies to reducing wages, the other to beating down crop prices. If both parties go on soliciting votes from city and country indiscriminately, they must, after their protestations that wage earners and farmers have no common economic interest, acknowledge that they have no economic programs whatever.

Dr. Butler might have carried the argument further. He might have said:

"There is not only no community of interest, but a sharp conflict between the interests of the farmer and the manufacturer. High prices for manufactured products mean a high cost of living for the farmer, while high agricultural prices mean high cost of labor and materials for the manufacturer.

"There is not only no community of interest, but a sharp conflict of interest between the manufacturer and the banker. High interest rates mean restricted credit and high cost of loans to the manufacturer, but large profits to the banker.

"There is not only no community of interest, but a sharp conflict between the interests of the landowner and the merchant. High rents mean high costs for the merchant, while high prices for merchandise mean increased costs for the landlord.

"There is not only no community of interest, but a sharp conflict of interest between the miner and clothing worker. High wages in the mines mean, etc.

". . . the cotton grower and the wheat farmer . . . the shipping man and the exporter . . . the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker . . . the college president and the campaign manager . . . ad lib. . . ."

There you have the basis for about 100,000 parties, for eternal deadlock among producers and consumers, and satisfaction only for those who live by performing no useful service.

No one can deny that the seller has a temporary conflict of economic interest with the buyer, about price. But the absurdity arrives when on this basis it is assumed that the two have no community of interest. No organization of sellers yet has attempted to abolish buyers. It is to the interest of sellers that buyers shall be both numerous and prosperous. The farmers usually come off better when the wage workers have a high level of purchasing power with which to absorb farm products, than when the prices of industrial products fall through the impoverishment of wage workers. And apparently it has never occurred to the Butler school of economists that falling prices may accompany rising real incomes for farm and factory producers alike. Yet that result is precisely the one that should follow, under good management, the continual progress of new invention, better technology, stronger control by man over his physical and social environment. That the defenders of the present disorder should assume that gain for one group of workers may be achieved only by loss on the part of another group, betrays the whole weakness of their position. The inference from their statement is, either that under their management the world is not becoming more productive, or that they expect themselves to be the sole beneficiaries of industrial development.

The reason farmers and wage earners often have a common basic interest against those who seek not merely a decent living but also large profits, is that both are representative of the great majority who

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produce and consume the bulk of the necessities of life, but do not control the strategic points in the machinery of production and distribution. The few whose incomes ever grow beyond a generous living wage will not on that account appreciably increase the market for bread, beef, pork, clothing, coal, steel, or any of the articles which the masses are principally engaged in producing. Their personal satisfactions will spread rather to luxuries made in small quantities, like country estates, racing stables, high-priced cars, yachts, diamonds, expensive furs, cabarets. The economic importance of the rich lies not in their direct influence on the market for consumption goods, but in their administration of the vast wealth of capital which they own or control. If it is to others' interest that their incomes should be increased, that is only by virtue of any claim they may have to the wise and generous government of the railroads, the mines, the banks, the factories, the stores, the grain elevators, the mills and the produce exchanges. Are they doing the best possible to stabilize the business cycle, to eliminate economic waste, to turn out the largest product of honestly made common necessities at the lowest price, to pay the highest wages, and to increase the psychical well being of the great majority? Or do they, on account of greed for riches and prestige, or ignorance, or prejudice and habit, or sheer inability, fail to exercise their power as well as may be for the general good, and block the attempts of others to introduce a better control? In so far as the latter is the case, the common effort of wage earners and farmers to achieve political power rests on the deepest economic interest conceivable.

When the Republicans say that the representatives of private wealth should run the railroads because they run them better for the general interest than any representative of the general interest could, they are talking to the point and are entitled to a respectful hearing and an argument. But when they say, as they do, that farmers and wage workers have no common interest in the way the railroads are run, they are talking buncombe and deserve only ridicule. They are revealing their inability to see even the largest problems of railroad administration. At this moment railroad officials are telling their employes that they should not vote for La Follette because he stands for lower rates and that will necessitate lower wages, and at the same time they are telling the farmers that they should not vote for La Follette because he stands for higher wages and that will mean higher rates. But which do they themselves desire? Both higher rates and lower wages, of course. Yet the railroads should be so operated, if possible, that lower rates may accompany higher wages. The limitations of the present railroad administrators are displayed by their failure to attempt to win the workers and the farmers by precisely that contention. If they said, we can give both of you what you want quicker than La Follette can, they would be making a legitimate appeal. But of course they would not say that, and if they did say it, few would believe them.

The Progressives, in the nature of the case, are bound to lay emphasis on social efficiency, while the private owners, in the nature of the case, tend to ignore it. The private interests seldom emphasize the possible concrete benefits of efficiency because, in the first place, many large measures of economy would not be to their advantage, and because, in the second place, any savings that they make they intend to keep. In the case of the railroads, for instance, it is not to their advantage to deflate over-extended capital obligations, to assume the responsibilities of the weaker roads so as to develop a truly national system, to discourage cross-hauls, and to exercise economies that would mean giving up competitive advantages or shutting off private pipe lines from railroad treasuries. So it goes with taxation, with electric power, with virtually every economic issue which government may affect.

To what end shall the amazing instruments of civilization be employed? Chiefly for the satisfactions of the survivors in an economic struggle, or chiefly for the enrichment of the lives of all? That is the basic question which more and more ought to draw the political cleavage between economic classes. On the one hand we have those who assume that the appointed way of life is a competitive warfare of acquisition among individuals, and that the winners of the warfare have the full right to enjoyment of their spoils, and to unhampered use of the power which the victory has brought them. Beside these are the apologists who hold that this process automatically serves the general welfare. And on the other hand are those who believe that the complexities of civilization have brought about a necessary interdependence of all, while its devices have made possible a growing social control which must be exercised intelligently for the common wealth. It is the virtue of a movement based on the interests of the economically disfranchised majority, that any success it attains must lead toward elaboration and fulfilment of the latter aim. This is the real issue of 1924; this is the bond between the farmer and the wage worker.

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Why I Shall Vote for La Follette—I

THE first time I saw Senator La Follette was on a gala occasion, when the University of Wisconsin was celebrating her fiftieth birthday; it was on a June day in the most beautiful capitol city in America. He was participating not only as Governor of the State of Wisconsin, but as an alumnus in his own right—as was Mrs. La Follette, who was a member of the same class with President Van Hise of the University. They were all very much at home, they "belonged" to the campus.

The sense of relationship between the state capitol building on one hill, and the University on the other, was further emphasized by the new Legislative Bureau, through which Charles McCarthy hoped that the University might substitute economic knowledge and historic perspective for the trial and error method so often forced upon pioneer legislators.

It was, of course, an occasion for honorary degrees and for felicitation from other universities, including mother Oxford herself—"who was so old she couldn't remember how old she was," as her red-gowned son told us. But the occasion was more than that. Many of us saw unrolling before our eyes, as never before, the underlying aim of public education itself, of that purpose to which state universities had been dedicated by Abraham Lincoln when he authorized their first federal land subsidy in the very midst of the preoccupations and privations of the Civil War.

In the extraordinary group gathered there, no one personified so unequivocally and so nobly as did Governor La Follette himself, that which was meant by the continuing experiment of self-government and the necessity of securing in its behalf the most advanced type of public education. At that moment Wisconsin was a banner state in the reciprocal tasks of universal education and democratic government; the "Wisconsin idea" had been promulgated. There were many new devices by which the resources of the University were brought to the masses of the people, and the state was in the midst of that splendid legislative campaign which was founded upon the assumption that law is part of the social process—part of self-developing human experience. There was a definite connection between state and university although not always obvious: The University gave exceptional opportunities for the study and development of dairy farming, and Wisconsin was not only a pioneer in standardizing butter and cheese through the use of a state label, but it made feasible coöperative marketing through the control of freight rates on the railroads. The University had developed one of the earliest departments of economics to make first hand studies in the conditions of industry. The program of industrial legislation fostered by Governor La Follette contained not only protection for the workers, but an industrial commission to consider their growing and changing needs, and promoted an astounding number of part time continuation schools for the young workers. It also included a careful regulation of privately owned public utilities, and many another far-sighted provision.

At that moment the Governor of Wisconsin was bending his magnificent energies to the establishment of direct primaries, and incidentally clearing the ground of the boss system. He recognized the importance of the mechanism of voting and of representation, but he did not stop there. He was stimulating many minds to think vigorously together, he was securing political action which was founded upon collective experience and wide-spread discussion and conviction.

I had been living for more than a decade in the nineteenth ward of Chicago, represented by corrupt aldermen in a city council, which was at times itself bought with the money of the seekers and holders of public franchises. The political air of Wisconsin filled my lungs like a breath from the mountain tops of the finest American tradition. I came away from my brief sojourn at its capitol with a renewed faith in the possibility of enlightened self-government, and with an unwavering admiration for the man who not only "represented" the people, but under whose direction the very processes of government itself, educated, stimulated and enlarged the collective capacity.

All America is familiar with Senator La Follette's career since then. It was quite logical that the voters of Wisconsin should by an overwhelming majority send their Governor to the United States Senate, if only because so many of his policies required federal action for their consummation. Personally, I believe in time he will find the same necessity for action through an international body, both because of his sound political philosophy and because of his understanding of the far-flung problems of modern life. I once attended the meetings of a commission held in Geneva under the auspices of the International Labor Bureau connected with the League of Nations, when the matter under prolonged discussion was the protection of the seamen, who for many weeks every year find themselves remote from consular offices and courts of justice. The most successful protection ever offered to these men, the one achievement constantly quoted, was embodied in the La Follette Seamen's Act, which because of its intrinsic worth, and because of the eloquent speeches made by its author when urging its passage on the floor of the United States Senate, has made the name of Robert La Follette beloved literally around the world.

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Some of us who recall almost with a lump in the throat, the precious planks so enthusiastically put into a Progressive platform in 1912—many of these propositions are actually operative as laws at the present moment—rejoice in an opportunity to work for "progressive political action" under a leader who has, since 1898, successfully led a progressive movement inevitably expanding through a quarter of a century. At this moment under his trained leadership, is taking place for the first time in the United States, that which has already been achieved in other countries of Anglo-Saxon tradition—a welding together of the forward-looking voters, whether they have called themselves Socialists or liberals, proletarians or agriculturists. They all have many experiences to report with reasons for success or failure. They hope under the leadership of this wise man—who combines so remarkably the abilities of the expert with those of the statesman—to integrate their coöperating experiences into a progressively efficient political activity.

JANE ADDAMS.

(This is the first of a series of articles by various writers. The second will appear in an early issue.)

Our Professional Patriots

III. Sweeping up the Crumbs

IT is hard to be as serious about our professional patriots as one really feels. It is hard, even, to take them seriously with all their "borings from within" and their "so-called's" and their italics and quotation marks and split infinitives. That is one of the things about them, by the way. I can't tell you why it is, but good 100 percent patriotic literature simply cannot be written without splitting infinitives. It is hard not to keep on laughing at them because the moment one realizes the utter degradation of their point of view, one's comment upon them becomes no more than a series of big, big D's. Yet it is impossible to laugh off anything, however meanly humiliating, however foolish in motive and expression, when both motive and expression overcome you with racial and national blushes. For they do constitute a kind of public nuisance; abstractly, the kind of nuisance that meanness and ungenerosity always are; concretely, the kind of interference with the day's work that always comes of busybodies having no regard for the truth.

This man Marvin, for example. His week's work speaks for him and that is only one week out of the year and out of many years past and to come. His Searchlight is one mass of inaccuracies and he has no conscience about quoting so far out of context that virtual if not actual misquotation results. And he buzzes about the country talking to Keymen—and Women—in St. Louis and Indianapolis and Boston, feeding the banderlog on his showy and unsubstantial stuff and nonsense of subversions and open-shoppery. And the banderlog, lacking discernment and the real respect for American government and American institutions which knows a bugaboo when it sees one, is frightened out of all recollection of what the Constitution and its first amendment contributed to our national significance. Indeed, it seems to me a reasonable position to hold that such patriotism as his does more to demoralize the American morale than a thousand Communists.

It is degrading, too, that the national government falls so happily into line. Preparedness Day and General Amos Fries and his group turn the War Department into just such another propagandizing agency as Fred Marvin's column or Ralph Easley's office or R. M. Whitney's pamphlets. Once the business of the War Department was the conduct of war and the maintenance of the army. Now Pershing tours the country to speak on radicalism for the American Defense Society and Bowley is accounted a better soldier for the balderdash he talks anent the personal opinions of individuals who are none of his military business.

The Chemical Warfare Service is made wholly ridiculous by the patriotism of one Lucia R. Maxwell, its librarian, who produces that same "Spider Web Chart" of which the papers (the New York World in particular) and the New Republic have lately had a good deal to say. Mrs. Maxwell undertakes to prove just which "most dangerous woman in America" really qualifies for preëminence. She explained her work to us. It is as clear as day. The law will take care of the men. The women are the ones to watch. Her chart fairly surpassed Marvin and Whitney in its inaccuracy. She listed nearly every eminent woman in the country and twisted practically every important woman's organization.

The Dearborn Independent, auspices of Mr. Ford, took up her fight for the cause and printed her chart seriously as an illustration to a serious article by "An American Citizen." Mr. Leonard Cline of the World pierced that anonymity of authorship and uncovered a certain Mrs. Haviland Lund of the Institute of Government, address unknown or, at least, unadvertised. Mrs. Lund is one of those conservative women (we shall meet the legion of them when we come to The Woman Patriot) who make a practice of appearing eloquently at the conventions and meetings of women's organizations (liberal) and acting there the rôle of patriotic provocateur and spy. Two others of her kind appeared recently at the Vassar Conference for a Christian Basis of World Relations and told the usual half truths and whole lies about liberal women who were seriously present and seriously at work.

The Ford Weekly published and the World ex-

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posed (as Mr. Cline has already told readers of the New Republic) and the government scuttled ignominiously to cover—speaking of the loss of governmental dignity which prohibition entails! But Mrs. Maxwell, in the library of the Chemical Warfare Service projects further patriotic works and bigger and better charts and maintains a gigantic card index of the opinions of men and women in every walk of civilian life with characterizations of "Red" or "Only Pink." She had a firm ally in R. M. Whitney of the American Defense Society, too. He recommended her, I am told, for the Distinguished Service Medal, just on the grounds of this extraordinary and absurd chart of hers. And, I am further told, she shows to her intimates a letter from Daugherty himself to say that he doesn't know how he could have got through his work without her chart.

It is hard to know which is the most serious—the national indignity of such carryings on, or the specific irritants of them. I suppose that this parlor patriotism, like parlor Bolshevism, is intoxicating. And it does make trouble. On Russia, for example. There isn't anything which has caused so much militant patriotism as Russia. That goes without saying, too. Mr. Whitney wrote for the Boston Transcript a series of articles called The Reds in America. "More *relief* for the Reds," he calls the Russian Red Cross. Captain Paxton Hibben, who has that part of Russian famine relief in hand, had to institute libel proceedings against the Transcript to defend himself and his very important job. The War Department, at that juncture, steps miraculously in to do something disagreeable to Captain Hibben's reserve commission.

"Captain Hibben," Secretary Weeks is quoted as saying, "has been charged with holding beliefs favorable to enemies of the United States government." Investigation of Captain Hibben's activities, however, reveals them to consist of feeding 27,700 Russian famine orphans with contributions gathered largely from readers of The Christian Herald, under the auspices of a committee endorsed by such well known Reds as Cardinal O'Connell and Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.

But Whitney went booming on his way. When people questioned his facts, he said clearly that they were "based upon official reports and captured documents, all of which are now in the hands of the federal authorities in Washington." When people asked to be shown he answered: "I would be a greater fool than my worst enemies accuse me of being, were I to let such documents out of my possession."

Now I don't know how great a fool Mr. Whitney's worst enemies had in mind: I am interested only in this collusion between the trouble making, fact distorting, militant patriot and the departments of the government. Indeed, I am not sure if this has not been the most pernicious aspect of the whole annoying business. As to Mr. Whitney himself, in spite of his Transcript difficulties, his Reds in America is being published by his employers of the American Defense, $3.50 the copy—please send $5.00, leaving $1.50 to spare for free distribution.

To continue this annoyance of legitimate private enterprise I submit the picture of Ralph Easley indulging his anti-Russian emotions at the expense of the same starving Russian children. All in behalf of patriotism with Judge Alton B. Parker himself in the anti-Russian van, telling Senator Wheeler just what *he* thinks about recognizing Soviet Russians. The Senator, in return, told the Judge not to be afraid of new ideas, not to be an ostrich. What a thing to say to the president of the National Civic Federation! The Senator, for one, "has more faith in the wisdom and judgment of the American people than have the men who appear to make up the personnel of your organization." The Senator unpatriotically believes that the American government and the Christian religion have nothing to fear, founded, as they are, "on truth, faith and justice." And Judge Parker only comes back for more. He is old enough by three score years to know better, what with the mess his own Ralph Easley had just made of the aforementioned Russian children.

That story demands a word, if we do disregard dozens of others. The heroes are Mr. Allen Wardwell and the Committee of the Russian Famine Fund. Ralph Easley has a real gift (he mentioned it in that creed of his) for finding radicals in any organization which seems to infringe upon his fashionable prejudices. On the Russian Famine Fund Committee he found sixty "pronounced Bolshevist sympathizers." The committee, needless to say, was all but god-like in its respectability. He further presumed that "if the people who are contributing to the Russian Famine Fund understood that their money was going to be used by Lenin and Trotzky, their contributions would soon cease."

He did not get very far with his attack—no further than one of his usual series of single spaced, many paged letters weighted with more or less applicable quotes from the promulgations of Karl Marx and the Third Internationale. In the end, after causing the committee his regular, ineffective amount of trouble, he contented himself with concluding that, if the money did not get into actual Soviet coffers, it must be going to the Quakers who represent, to his mind, a peril scarcely less to be feared than Communism itself. And he "turned the matter over to the Department of Justice for investigation."

And the churches! You have already seen what Ralph Easley thinks of them. He has them in his patriotic creed. But there is more, much more: a preliminary and a final report on Socialism in the churches written for the National Civic Federation by Mr. Everett P. Wheeler of the American Constitutional League. I have only read the preliminary report which is shorter (if not less tedious) than the final. I find:

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> Freedom of discussion is often desirable. But, in our judgment, it is not fitting that Christian churches should put forward speakers who teach un-Christian doctrines and promote envy and hatred instead of the love and mutual helpfulness taught by Christ and the Apostles.

The Christian paradox does seem to be a stumbling block to patriots. Again:

> There have in recent years been established a number of organizations within the churches of an inter-denominational character with the avowed purpose of spreading Socialism in the churches as well as to disseminate propaganda with a view to impelling the Church to adopt a definite policy on certain social and industrial questions . . . The leaders of these various organizations . . . represent fully the subversive and revolutionary policy of the Socialist party in America seeking power and influence by making an appeal to the fraternal sentiment of the church people, painting their brand of Socialism to be other than what it is, seeking to make church members believe that this Socialism is the highest expression of brotherhood and Christianity . . .

The trend of all this, beside its sheer inanity, is the very trend which the Roman state followed in denouncing Christianity for its unpatriotic internationalism and for its Socialistic opposition to the worship of Dea Roma. But there you have it again: the Christian paradox simply will not work for these patriots.

Mr. Dwight Braman is more frank. "The Reds in our churches must be given the door," says Mr. Braman, "else alms for their support will not be forthcoming from the business men throughout the country; and it is folly to expect new churches to be built or cathedrals if the Church closes its eyes to this widespread propaganda of boring from within." And Mr. Braman, very strong for the diocese of New York, is also, presumably, very strong for the completion of St. John the Divine. Perhaps Mr. Easley does not want new churches. Certainly, one way to avoid alienating the alms of big business would be to stop talking rot about ecclesiastical Communism.

Socialism, Bolshevism, Anarchism, Communism, I. W. W.'ism in schools, colleges, churches, on street corners and in the halls of Congress until the home of the brave is afraid (or should be) to turn out its lights at night. And, oh, the reports they make and the letters they write that never see print with "copies are being forwarded to your trustees, directors and financial supporters"—and the time they waste, Easley and Marvin and S. Stanwood Menken (to whom we come in a moment) for busy men and women with jobs to do feeding hungry children whether Russian or German, jobs of any kind whatever which seem to imply new visions of things as they might be if people were only allowed to look at them without this outrageous din of loyalty and patriotism and subversion.

S. Stanwood Menken, president of the National Security League, is a self-styled "Voice crying in the Wilderness." To him I give the brown derby in the fatuity sweepstakes.

Said Mr. Menken, in one of his loftier flights:

> Our course is fatuous in the extreme and we elect to places of trust Frazier and La Follette and Brookhart, and our young people read the red and yellow journals and the Nation and the New Republic with the same perverted sense as those of another time peeked into obscene literature. When we, of the National Security League, tell of these things and ask for support in awakening our people, the smug, self-confident American citizen dismisses the matter by saying: "I am through with war" . . . I wonder what effect this view would have on Lenin's council, if they had the airships ready which they will soon possess and the wicked whim to extend their area of rapine and annihilation to our shores. That these devils, committers of every crime against God and man, might do so is possible at any moment, and yet we are totally unprepared for defense against them . . .

They are the boys for preparedness, as you will see in the next article of this series. Preparedness—the Constitution—Communism: that's their motto. You can't hold them down, either. Burns guessed at 422,000 resident Communists. They raise the ante and call it a round 600,000. Mr. Menken, like Koko, has them on his list, a document almost as absurd as the Spider Web Chart. Sixteen associations of anarchists, Communists and Socialists. Thirty-seven propaganda agencies including the Russian-American Industrial Corporation which is, one surmises from its dividend record, about as closely concerned with Soviet propaganda as any of our more pretentious international trade concerns with offices further down town. Then there are twenty-seven perilous publications and sixteen other organizations "with legitimate ostensible purposes, but whose policies are regarded by the League as dangerous." They include the Russian Red Cross, of course, the World War Veterans and the Teachers' Union. Dangerous propaganda on their behalf is to be looked for from the Conference for Progressive Political Action and from John Haynes Holmes's Community Church. It took lots of work to get up that list. No liberal "Pink" could ever have heard of most of its items without the aid of a microphone. I'm glad the League did not leave out the black African Blood Brotherhood though it seems hardly fair to have passed over the equally black (and much more prosperous) Order of the White Doves.

Then there's the Woman Patriot. "We know all about those radicals over in the Children's Bureau at the Department of Labor," says the Woman Patriot. You will presently see how and why the Woman Patriot resents the Children's Bureau.

I resent the Woman Patriot and all the rest of this gang. I want to quote Kipling about their whole attitude and call it "all very sufficiently vile and

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disgusting." Folly, due in part to the intoxication of this militant parlor patriotism. In part bright objects to lure the banderlog on to the real fish in the real frying pan of (forgive the battered phrase) the vested interests. I resent being told that American youth isn't Spartan enough to look about for itself. I resent being told that my own patriotic duty is to cower in the corner with my fingers crossed until September 12.

One comfort I take: it must have been a sad day for militant patriotism when Attorney-General Stone announced his determination to clean up and out the Department of Justice Bureau of Investigation. I should like to see the letters which the patriots wrote the Attorney-General about that. I know what dark warnings were there because I know what misgivings lay behind them. For there is no doubt of the rôle Burns played in this patriotic travesty.

The militant patriots were publicity agents for Mr. Burns. When he hadn't evidence to convict these "so-called liberals" and worse, he turned the patriots loose in his treasure house of rumors and portentous subversive documents. There was meat for them and precious little danger of libel suits, too, with such authority behind them. Dwight Braman sat in the offices of the Allied Patriotic Societies, Inc., and boasted that he was "in almost daily communication with the Department of Justice." Ralph Easley printed the Burns assistance right out in his prospectus of the National Civic Federation's forthcoming Survey of Progress. A survey of progress by the National Civic Federation, by the way, is not without certain elements of humor. But they had "the coöperation of governmental agencies at Washington." And no one, except possibly Mr. Whitney of the American Defense Society, called more frequently than Mr. Easley on the Bureau of Investigation. These calls provided, one surmises, a convenient link between sworn enemies, Mr. Burns and Easley's pal Sam Gompers; provided, too, a convenient source of A. F. of L. propaganda against renegade unions. As to R. M. Whitney, he loved to write letters about his dependence on the Burns files. He proclaimed it to the lawyers of the Foster defense. And letters written to the Department in confidence by the National Student Forum came out in Mr. Whitney's pamphlets. You or I couldn't have got into those Burns files. But then we were not militant patriots and, therefore, of no use to Mr. Burns. And it isn't quite over, yet, for there's the War Department and the State Department with plenty of interest in militant patriotism and plenty of illegitimate use for it.

It isn't quite over, yet, for another reason: Captain Hibben's case is still to be heard, and Captain Hibben charges flatly that "libelous matter" contained in the confidential files of the War Department, Military Intelligence Division, to which he, the accused officer, had been denied access "on the ground of public interest," was turned over to R. M. Whitney for publication in the Boston Transcript; and that the same was done with certain reports by Colonel William J. Burns, late of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. "The public interest in fact demands," Captain Hibben writes the War Department, "that an end be put without further delay to the use of the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department as a source of authority for unsubstantiated allegations made by reckless persons, and a repository of gossip, scandal and material properly characterized by a general officer of the United States army as 'to a large extent anonymous communications or reports that would properly be classified at law as coming under the category of hearsay evidence.'" The Hibben case may well develop tangible, legal proof of the use of the confidential files of government departments by the "Red-hunters," as well as striking examples of the system of interlocking directorates by which the Departments of Justice, War and State have traded with each other in alleged information about individuals who had incurred their dislikes, so that the reports in each department might be cited to back up those in the files of the others.

After all, the whole show comes down to Free Speech, doesn't it? And that is precisely the point at which patriots and I come to a deadlock. Free Speech seems to be an expression they just cannot hear. "A great political division of our people"—this from Henry A. Wise Wood, Citizen—"the Democratic party . . . has not only committed itself to the repeal of anti-sedition laws, and the release of those who are imprisoned for criminal anarchy, but has recently thrown its influence against the enforcement of any law that would offend the native and alien revolutionary groups. . . ."

So it goes. "The First Amendment?" you inquire. "Ah," they answer, "but our forefathers *couldn't* have meant *that!*" Right at this very moment, the National Civic Federation, to the everlasting credit of Archie Stevenson, has thirty lawyers at work upon a Manual of Civic Rights with a "brief history of prosecutions of abuse of civil liberties, the need for them and their results." It promises, from its prospectus, to be even more valuable than the Survey of Progress. I submit the outline of the duties of the police:

1. Collection and study of all radical, revolutionary and seditious literature.
2. Attendance on radical and seditious meetings. Stenographic reports of speeches.
3. Radical interference in strikes and labor disputes.
4. Card indexing and classification of all agitators with their previous records.
5. Exchange of records and information with police departments of other municipalities and federal, state and county authorities.
6. When to make arrests.

Not a word about the protection of civil liberties or of citizens from interference in the right to hold an opinion. On the contrary, the citizen's duty is:

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Furnishing police or other authorities with information relating to seditious activities; dates and plans of meetings, literature coming into their hands, speeches heard and so forth.

I side-step this crux of the situation; I leave freedom of speech to Professor Chaffee, who wrote on it one of the best books I have ever read on any subject—a book of which the National Civic Federation and Archie Stevenson heartily disapprove. Only once did I allow the subject to come between myself and one of my patriot acquaintances. That one was Mr. R. M. Whitney. Our argument was, to my mind, so significant that I give it entire.

I had rashly suggested the time-honored notion of the safety valve of complete freedom of speech.

"Look at England," said I.

"Yes," said he, "*look* at it!"

"That's what I mean," said I. "LOOK at it!"

"Exactly," said he, "*LOOK* at it!!"

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(This is the third of a series of articles, of which the fourth will appear in an early issue.)

Europe's Hope, America's Reality

IN my recent lecture tour, which introduced me to important centres of American culture from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and permitted me to make the acquaintance of many distinguished exponents of modern America, it was my constant endeavor to discover what light American experience and American thought might shed upon the murky chaos of present day European politics. It is generally realized that Europe is undergoing a terrible crisis in its political and economic life. What is not so well understood is that Europe is undergoing a grave crisis in ideas as well.

In all Europe, with the possible exception of England, the old and glorious liberal doctrine which destroyed the feudal and absolutistic constitutions had, in the last decades, become almost obsolete and had been practically abandoned. The new generation sees nothing in liberalism but a moral justification of capitalistic exploitation. On the other hand the Communist doctrine (especially in its Marxistic formulation) which in most parts of Europe had become the inspiration of all youthful revolutionary energies, has also been found untenable by the more critical Socialist thinkers who feel moral responsibility for their political ideas. The recent Communistic experiments in Russia and in Hungary have demonstrated overwhelmingly that the mechanical state of Communism prophesied by Karl Marx as an inevitable result of the so-called dialectical movement of history is entirely incapable of building up a higher and nobler kind of human existence. In these circumstances, the best elements of the advance guard movements in Europe have entirely lost their political compass and are navigating the agitated ocean of exasperated social passions without any guiding principle, following the petty, miserable compromises of the daily political struggles. This situation is the more dangerous because the unscrupulous adventurers and dogmatists both of the old feudal régime and of the Bolshevist creed, continue to pursue their bloody Utopian visions without any intellectual and moral check.

Oppressed by the sense of this lamentable intellectual anarchy, I came to America with the hope of finding in this tremendously prosperous country, liberated from the old dogmatic traditions of Europe and from the mass hysteria which followed the War, some new and original conception which might contribute toward the solution of our grave social problems. It was sufficiently clear to me that the most urgent ideal need of present day humanity is a just and reasonable compromise between those elements of classical liberalism which constitute the indispensable conditions for human progress (e. g. liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, of free investigation, of free initiative, of unimpeded exchange, of unrestricted choice of vocation, free sexual selection, free social organization, etc.) and those elements of Socialism which would introduce order, justice and moral autonomy into the economic relations of the working community.

Viewed from the European angle, it would appear that the social and moral atmosphere of the great American republic ought to be propitious for the elaboration of a new social, moral and economic theory which would at the same time escape the class character of the later liberalism and the mechanical rigidity and materialistic orthodoxy of the Marxist doctrine. There can be no doubt whatever that the social, economic and moral structure of America differs widely from the European. The centre of gravity of American social life lies still in a powerful and independent farmer class, entirely removed from the clumsy traditionalism of the European peasant. Another prominent and advantageous feature of American life is the absolute lack of any caste barriers between the conflicting economic classes. The barrier between the best elements of the working class and the employing class has nothing in common with the barrier that appears in the European social structure. What is still more important, the insurmountable European cleavage between mental and manual work hardly exists in America. In consequence of the interpenetration of classes in America new forms of coöperation are evolving which could give to the working classes not only remarkable opportunities for sharing in profits but also for participating in the intellectual and moral guidance of the business world. There are important indications that large strata of

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the proletariat are becoming owners of capital and therefore are closely interested in the processes of production and commerce.

It is not only in economic and social conditions that America differs widely from Europe. It differs also in moral and intellectual traditions. We honor men like H. C. Carey, Henry George, G. D. Thoreau and William James as powerful geniuses who regard social and moral issues from a typically new point of view, utilizing the peculiar facts and experiences of the American commonwealth. The European reader finds in these writers a trend promising new social possibilities for mankind.

Such considerations led me to believe that I would find in the latest developments of American radicalism new and more hopeful issues which might help to break the tragic deadlock in European political ideas. In this expectation, unfortunately, I was disappointed. To summarize, instead of genuine and original American social thinking I found a range of ideas corresponding closely to the thought of Europe at the end of the last and at the beginning of the present century. So far as I can see, the political radicalism of the United States has adopted the German and Russian patterns although in a superficially modified form. I found the same faith in the exclusively materialistic interpretation of history, the same over-estimation of the class struggle as the unique motor power in social evolution. I found the same scoffing at all kinds of intuitive morality and at the acknowledgment of fundamental human rights as radically opposed to state omnipotence or class dictatorship. I found the same almost naive admiration of the natural sciences not only as rebuilders of human economy and technology (which is their just claim) but also as rebuilders of religion, morality and aesthetics (which is an uncritical exaggeration of their possibilities.) I found the same prostration before the so-called facts, research work and "natural causality," and the same disbelief in the intuitive, creative power of the human soul, in the teleologic remolding of social reality, in the idealistic revolt against the economic and technical hegemony.

This narrowness of vision is observable in the practical attitude of American radicalism towards the Russian problem. The radical defenders of Sovietism repudiated the uncritical vituperations of the reactionaries against the Bolshevist leaders and exalted the merits of Lenin and his collaborators in overthrowing Russian feudalism and in the dismemberment of the large estates of the Russian nobility (which is really a great historical achievement of the present régime). But they went beyond this sound position to engage in an uncritical glorification of the Communistic experiment itself as a remarkable achievement in the remolding of the old society (which is surely not the case).

The analogy between the European ideas of twenty-five years ago and present day American radicalism is not confined to the political and social field. It also appears in American intellectual radicalism, so called, which I found to be a curious mixture of free thinking à la Max Nordau and the brilliant artistic extravaganzas of a Nietzsche.

This coincidence between the earlier mentality of Europe and present day American radicalism seems to be equally conspicuous in the literary field where the naturalistic and realistic features of the Main Street literature remind one of the claims advanced by the Zola school for a literature built up on natural sciences, on a kind of social anatomy and therapeutics which should eliminate the "fallacious" idealizations of an "antiquated" romanticism.

I am quite aware that the dangers arising from confusion and anarchy in ideas are less serious in America than in Europe. American life is incomparably more pragmatic than European. The influence of ideas and abstract considerations on practical and political affairs is not so overwhelming as in Europe. Nevertheless the lack of a really creative social doctrine which might replace the orthodoxy both of liberalism and Socialism is a serious disadvantage for America too. In the first place, we look in vain for that glorious social idealism which was present at the cradle of American independence. The atmosphere of a purely matter of fact empiricism without any serious guiding principle must necessarily paralyze creative instincts of our generation. The devil-may-care attitude of the ruling classes exacerbates even more the dogmatic rigidity of that thin stratum of social fanatics who swear uncritical allegiance to the formulas of the Russian experimenters. Even today all serious attempts at social reform are greatly impeded by those apostles of the social revolution who denounce every move in the direction of a just compromise and a more rational coöperation, as a cowardly and treasonable betrayal of the holy dogma of the class struggle.

To repeat, I failed to discover in America, either among radicals or among conservatives, such elements of social and political thinking as would represent a conscious revolt against those rigid and obsolete dogmas of European public life which make impossible a creative synthesis between the still living part of liberalism and the really constructive efforts of Socialism. Despite her very different political, social and moral structure, young America has apparently adopted precisely the principles and methods of European revolutionary thought which, according to the opinion of the more critical and cautious European Socialists, need a thorough revision. American radicalism is attempting to force salient facts into the Procrustean bed of old-fashioned European theories, in a period when despairing humanity is craving for new ideas and new forms of social life. Nor is there any better promise in the ideas entertained by the official and conservative intellectual world which seems to be satisfied with the exaggerated claims of a pseudo-liberalism, biased by capitalistic interests.

OSCAR JASZI.

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Nutshell Novels

Strafing the Small Town

MYRTLE MUSH closed her studio where she had won a wide circle of hangers-on by swinging no mean kettle when she brewed the Ceylon.

She was married, now.

Three days later she arrived in Pumptown and inquired for Fifth Avenue. They hadn't even finished grading First Avenue. Myrtle was disgusted. She decided to dine at The Purple Cow. There was none. Myrtle was disgusted. Her husband accompanied her to the band concert at the county fair and didn't wear evening clothes. Myrtle was disgusted. That makes three times. Myrtle was out. Then nothing happened for two hundred pages. In the last chapter the natives grew beards. Myrtle couldn't even grow a beard. "I have wasted my life," she sobbed. "This is a hell of a hole."

Finis.

The Feminine Revolt

Grandmother Gwendolyn's heart was young but wrinkles played tag on her classic features. Standing before her mirror she realized that this was the last half of the seventh inning and time for the home team to rally. All her life she had done only what Tradition and The Relatives sanctioned. That cramped her style.

So she got a gland, and had some stitches taken in the wrinkles. Thereafter a good time was had by all. She became a Wild Young Thing. She vamped her grandson. She cared nothing for convention.

Finis.

Raw Sex Stuff

Gertie Langor of the sub-kindergarten set felt another attack of delirium tremens coming on, so she asked Billie Bonekopf to hurry her into a movie to steady her nerves. As they stumbled along the aisle she noticed that all the customers were holding hands. It suddenly filled her with Disgust. She resolved never to do that again. She was determined to repulse Billie's advances as soon as they sat down.

Billie absent-mindedly made no advances. Gertie was impulsive. She slammed both her hands into his and whispered in a voice vibrant with passion:

"Hold 'em, you poor fish. Aint you never been nowhere and don't you know nuthin'?"

Gertie had been educated at a finishing school. The boys called her Gartie for short. They were a sophisticated lot. They knew about garters; they had seen pictures of them in the abominable department store ads.

Billie trembled as he held her hands. Gertie was so thrilled she did not notice why he trembled. He was stealthily moving his left oxford into position. Suddenly he let it fly. It connected with her right optic.

Then she knew she Loved him. But how to make him give up his collection of photographs of cinema queens? His room was obscene with them. She gave a big blow-out. Billie got stewed and she fed him the photographs as sandwiches.

They were married. He took up synthetic gin while she spent most of her time in a beauty parlor or a gymnasium practising girth control. They were a Rotten Lot.

Finis.

Grim War Stuff

Red Murphy hated war. He was a fighter, not a marcher. His soul sickened at the thought of waiting weeks between fights with muddy shoes. The shoes are symbolical. What really got muddy was Red's soul. Shoes, sole, soul—clever, what?

Red hated officers. He couldn't understand them and they couldn't understand him. He spoke Brooklynese and they spoke Harvard. It was awful.

Then the officers began mixing French with it. That made it worse. Red began mixing French with it. That made it terrible.

Red's last hope of finding out what the War was about had now vanished. He merely muddled through the mud.

On his return he opened a shoe-shining parlor. He could just as easily have become a bootlegger. But the hatred of mud had become an obsession. His life was ruined by the War.

Finis.

War Stuff—Reverse English

Before the War aristocratic Grenville Percheron Plushengilt had devoted himself almost exclusively to getting in and out of marriages. The crop was one of each annually. In spite of All This, life was a terrible bore to him.

Then came the War! He plunged in! At once he saw clearly what was the trouble. The Allies were using the wrong kind of weapons. His experience on the receiving end of the rolling pin showed him its effectiveness. He armed his regiment with them and killed one million Germans before breakfast. In fact he virtually won the War. He was a hero.

But he was wounded. All his ex-wives came to nurse him. In that way they got their pictures in the art gravure sections. They nursed and nursed and nursed and finally he died. He naturally would. But before he died he redeemed his soul. He was glad to die for his country. He said so right out loud. The wives all became friends. They

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formed an association and decided to nurse other men. Their souls were touched by his Idealism.

Finis.

A Psycho-Analytical Idyll

Zachariah Hardshell and his beautiful daughter, Clammie, lived on a small farm where they struggled with Poverty and Boll Weevils. Trillion Plunks, the village banker, had warts on his nose, a mortgage on the farm, and designs on Clammie. But Clammie hated him. So Trillion dumped them into the county road. He was very cruel. He often kicked dogs, especially in the motion picture version of the novel.

Byron Keats came along, playing his violin, and found them in the road. He was kind to them. He picked some wild flowers for Clammie. She loved him.

But she couldn't marry him. At first she didn't know why. Then it Dawned Upon her. She didn't love him. She hated him for being a Softie. She loved Trillion because he was a Brute.

She married Trillion and he beat her. That made her happy. But Trillion hated her for letting him get away with it. That made him miserable. Thus was poor old Zachariah avenged. He spent his old age Gloating.

Byron Keats picked some more flowers. He didn't amount to much anyway. He had a complex on destruction. 'Way down inside of him he was bloodthirsty. That was what made him such a Softie.

Finis.

Chester T. Crowell.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Pope and the Klan

SIR: Fate has thrown me, violently protesting, much among members of the Ku Klux Klan, for I am from Louisiana, the land of Mer Rouge.

Candor compels me to own that my own relations both by blood and marriage are included in their ranks. In trying to get at their reasons for joining this Raw Head and Bloody Bones order I find that it is the fear of Roman Catholic domination. To the religious tenets of Romanism they have no objection, but the idea of their higher allegiance to a foreign power fills them with dread. Grown men gravely repeat all that drivel about arms being stored under Catholic churches, secret drilling, plans to bring the Pope to America. Vainly I point out to them that the Pope has no authority outside of faith and morals, and not always in the matter of morals. They give a pitying smile for my ignorance and point to some Klan publication of which I have never heard.

The Pope seems not to have had much political influence even in the so-called ages of faith, or now in Catholic countries. The long wars of Guelph and Ghibelline certainly do not look much like it, and if I have read my history correctly the unification of Italy was carried out against the wishes of successive Popes. The great crime of the last century in the eyes of the Vatican was the loss of the temporal power. This was done by devout Catholics, who all died I believe fortified by the last sacraments of the Church.

During the last great war the Pope tried vainly to exercise his influence toward softening the horrors of war. The atrocities were not all committed by the Prussians. Bavarians and Austrians stayed not their hands in France, Belgium, Italy, or Poland in response to the Pope's humane and legitimate appeal.

Ireland is the most faithful of Catholic nations, yet during her civil war, when the Pope ordered a pastoral letter to be read in the churches forbidding the shooting from ambush, then so common, three hundred men in the great cathedral in Dublin rose up and left the church when the priest began to read it.

A wise Frenchman has said that a man is nearer kin to the age in which he lives than to his own father.

L. D. M.

Chicago, Ill.

The Helpless Wets

SIR: I have read with interest your analysis of the political platforms recently adopted at Cleveland and New York. It seems to me your conclusions as to prohibition are open to discussion. You say the Republicans "dodged" and the Democrats "quibbled." The action in both cases is a clear and unequivocal declaration in favor of law enforcement. If that is dodging and quibbling what would have been an open and definite stand? That is all the drys asked of either convention, that is all the dry cause requires as matters now stand. The law itself is satisfactory. In these declarations the two great political parties lined up with the most ardent or "fanatical" drys.

The wets got no consideration from either convention. There is so much general satisfaction with the benefits of prohibition, that both conventions turned a deaf ear to the "die hards" who continue to cry for light wine and beer.

The only fly in the ointment now is the lawless wet who must and will be brought to time. The drys asked the conventions to pledge themselves to deal effectively with him and they did so. They in fact could not have done anything else with honor.

The country has profited greatly by prohibition. The lawless acts of the wets do very little to offset it—and, magnify their lawless acts as they will through their press, dry sentiment continues to grow.

Waterford, Pa. J. E. Barr.

What the Cleveland Conference Did

SIR: While talking over the political situation with a friend of mine, the other evening—a friend who is very well posted upon such matters—there was brought forth to me a quite different viewpoint upon a question which has aroused a great deal of uneasiness in my mind—and I presume in those of others as well. Trusting that it may perchance help some others as it has me, I am taking the liberty of troubling you with this.

This particular friend was talking about a discussion which she had recently had with a delegate to the Progressive conference in Cleveland that nominated La Follette. She had sought out this delegate to either verify or allay her fears, which were very similar to those of a great many more of us—that that convention was one of the greatest exemplifications of Steam-Rollering this country had ever witnessed. The delegate admitted in a way that it was true. But, to his mind, it was one of the most encouraging exhibitions that he had ever witnessed, for it was probably the first time in this country (at least in recent times) that a group of liberals of varying complexions has shown a real capacity for organization into a unified whole on the almost sole basis of ideas. Of course we had 1912, but we had there a great personal-loyalty bond that is not remotely approached here. The delegate remarked that it was really inspiring to witness the spirit shown by those people, almost to a man and woman. They still held their ideals and opinions, but they realized that they must, for the present, place themselves under the general banner, forgetting their little differences in the service of the great general principle.

They have shown the country, I think, what is in store for it—a great Labor or Liberal party in the near future. For they have shown what up till now seemed impossible—a capacity to organize, and stick together. Of course the latter trait has yet to be proved, but another four years of Coolidge is about all that is required to put it on its feet as a thorough reality.

Benjamin Douglas.

New York City, N. Y.

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A Discouraged View of the Drug Traffic

SIR: When the editor of the Dearborn Independent pays some of Henry Ford's good money for an article, directed against the opium traffic, written by a Washington correspondent who knows nothing more about the question than he may glean from the Congressional Record, I am not surprised. While I realize that there is little in common between your editorial of August 27, 1924, and the article referred to, I must confess my surprise that your technical aspects of the situation seem to be confined to the statement that: "The best medical authorities are of the opinion that the abuse of these drugs can never be halted until the actual planting is confined to the actual medicinal and scientific needs of the world."

Suppose every poppy plant and every coca bush were destroyed, with the exception perhaps of herbarium and museum specimens. What would be the inevitable result? Since I first called attention to the short-sightedness of the present propaganda a few years ago, cocaine has been synthesized by a German pharmaceutical firm. The chemical structure of morphine is known, hence the question of its synthesis is but a matter of time. This time element will be greatly reduced as soon as the prohibition now advocated will have been adopted at Geneva and carried into effect. It is not at all unlikely that while I am writing, someone has discovered a synthesis of morphine, but is keeping his knowledge secret, knowing that advertisement of the fact would keep poppy culture, his worst commercial competitor, alive.

Why not face the opium and coca situation squarely? We are ever ready to reform by legislation. How sad a plight we present to the world in this respect has been sufficiently demonstrated by the Volstead Act. If we cannot prevent the production of alcohol, how may we hope to cope with either synthetic morphine or cocaine when fractions of a grain suffice to satisfy the narcotic drug fiend?

Genuine reform must come through processes that strike deeper and are slower. I fear that the Opium Conference will accomplish nothing but the retardation of real reform. The latter is certainly much more important to mankind than the mental dope that is being handed out so freely by professional reformers at present.

EDWARD KREMERS.

Madison, Wis.

Publicity and the Post Office

SIR: The war on the peace-seekers sometimes takes an interesting slant. The other week I was amused to see on the lower corner of an envelope containing the bi-weekly Bulletin of the National Council for Prevention of War, a plea for international coöperation; and at the opposite diagonal corner the stamp cancelled with the words "Lets Go! Citizens' Military Training Camps!"

It was probably only coincidence, but the spirit was so opposed to that of the message on the envelope that it seemed almost a personal retort to the pacifist organization. If the post office is to become an advertising agency we may expect to see our stamps cancelled in the future with some such phrases as "Vote 'No' on the Twenty-first Amendment," "Persia Must Pay," or whatever other sentiment may prevail among those able to use the post office to further their own ends.

HENRY NICHOLSON.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Placing Missouri

SIR: In a recent article on The Politics of the Changing South, one of your writers has fallen into a common inaccuracy to which I would call your attention. This is in the paragraph on southern manufactures, in which reference is made to Missouri as a southern state.

As a native of Missouri and for the past ten years resident in the South, I cannot understand the predilection of eastern writers for this erroneous classification. The northern boundary of Missouri is in about the same latitude as New York City, considerably north of the fortieth parallel which touches Columbus, Ohio, and Philadelphia. The state is farther north than Maryland or Delaware, and its people much more akin to Illinoisans and Hoosiers than to the people further south.

But when Missouri is referred to as a part of the solid political South, the error of such conclusion is even more glaring. It enjoys about as even a balance between Republican and Democratic parties as any state in the union. Harding carried Missouri in 1920 by over 100,000 votes. Missouri was loyal during the Civil War, furnishing more than three times as many Union soldiers as Confederate. And the southern portion of Missouri (where I lived) was more strongly union during the War than some sections in the central part of the state, as it is now more Republican and less Democratic.

I am not one of those who like to harp on sectional questions or take any pride in the geography of birth. To call Missouri southern is no libel, but it is inaccurate.

FRED DEARMOND.

El Paso, Tex.

The Value of the Frontier Appeal

SIR: In your recent notice of my book, Harry, the reviewer uses the words "hocus-pocus" to characterize the influence of the idea of the frontier on American youth. This is to ignore or be ignorant of, a deeply important element in American life and character.

The caricature presented by cheap fiction and moving-pictures is unfortunately all that many eastern people know of certain aspects of western life; but there is a valuable reality behind this burlesque.

The spirit of the frontier has given to American life, and, incidentally, literature, much of its peculiar interest. Its appeal to adventurous youth is a natural, sane appeal, and still a vital one. When our frontier has finally disappeared and we are all outwardly standardized from ocean to ocean, we shall have a type of wandering American like the wandering Briton—the type that produced Burton, Doughty, Cunninghame-Grahame and so many unrecorded adventurers. Vigorous, imaginative youth will still seek a frontier, will leave the main-traveled road for the trail. And if this spirit of physical adventure could die out in us, we should be a much poorer people.

NEITH BOYCE.

Provincetown, Mass.

A Challenge to Liberals

SIR: Is there not today a challenge to liberals, by liberals I mean men and women who will think in the spirit of freedom, in the fact that when we choose leaders of the nation, we can at best pick successes in other fields? Is there no challenge presented when we see reporters surround "the happy candidate" to find out what he may chance to think about the chief problems of the day? There is something which suggests the need of self criticism, perhaps reproach, when our most liberal and intelligent New York newspaper is moved to urge, in the midst of a presidential campaign (i. e., after three nominees are in the field) the suspension of judgment as to voting until after the acceptance speeches shall have been made, so that the thinking citizen may know for what his candidate stands.

Liberals at this time ought to begin to think by what methods they can find available candidates, who have not been successful in *any* field, but rather those whose personality, work and even play show a unity of purpose and a continuity of service, so that to give them a position of trust is to further some definite tendency in society. This is not too much to demand of the man to whom we would give the stewardship of the country.

JUSTINE WISE.

Lake Placid, N. Y.

Magazines for Europe

SIR: I thank you for publishing my appeal for discarded periodicals to be mailed to Europe. I consider that this idea utilizes a waste product (discarded magazines) efficiently to advertise America idealistically—which she badly needs, to promote international good will and to advance education. I am therefore ready to expend time and postage in acting as clearing-house for the idea, establishing contact between Europeans desiring reading matter and Americans altruistic enough to mail over their old magazines at two ounces for a cent. How many will stand by me in this?

T. SWANN HARDING.

Beltsville, Md.

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Billboards and Galleons

Inscribed to Stephen Graham.

I.

Each day is Biloxi's birthday party
Splendid with many a sun-kissed wonder,
Splendid with many a swimming girl.
Oh there is melted the heart of stone,
Fantasy, rhyme and rhapsody ring,
From street-car and Ford and yellow taxi,
Argosies crowded to shrieking capacity—
With moon-struck boy, and sun-struck girl.
Tourists, residents, what you please—
From the whirling south, from the whirling north.
Bees near the hive, or far from home,
Dreaming of love like honeycomb.
Barney Google is what they sing,
Mister Sheehan, Mister Gallagher,
Black Joe, and Old Kentucky Home,
Swing Low Sweet Chariot, Maryland, Dixie,
Sometimes I Feel Like a Mourning Dove,
The Pullman Porters on Parade,
Or Hear now my Song of Love.

But storms come down from the soul of the universe,
Put the long coast in imminent jeopardy,
Despoiling felicity, quenching the ecstacy,
Hide my fantastical town from me,—
Where every street is a valentine,
The kind we gave to love in youth
Where the lace is deep, three layers deep.
In, and in, and in, you look:—gossamer book! fairy book!

Once when such a storm was on,
When every spiritual hope seemed gone,
I was burning the world like a bridge, behind me,
I was walking in water so no one could find me—
In the edges of the waves, where the waves meet the beach:—
Forest, and sea waves, both, within reach.
Far from my prairie home,
Far from the old hive, far from my home
Dreaming of love like honeycomb!
Twisted winds, coming down, from Heaven knows where,
Blistered feet were mine, sea-weed was my hair.
Dream sea birds flew down on fanatical wings,
Flew down through tremendous red-rainbow-rimmed rings.
They were speaking of glory, speaking of death,
Were shrieking creepy, fanatical things.
Many unwritten songs of mine, long forgotten,
And dim resolves, and loves forgotten
Swept in with the driftwood and foamy flakes.
Yet I said: "I will march 'til my soul re-awakes,"
Yet I said: "My brain with marveling sings
That 'courage and sleep, courage and sleep are the principal things,

March on, sleep-walkers, till courage comes,
March, while the sad heart breaks,
Whirl on, like a leaf, then fight again—
Sleep and courage! sleep and courage! the fate of men!"

It was there, on the proud Spanish trail I was walking,
And I thought of Don Ivan, my Spanish ancestor,
Friend of Columbus, and Isabel's guest.
From the stormy right came the green sea talking.
I was walking the old Spanish trail toward Biloxi,
So famous for legends of Spanish chivalry!
City of feathers, balloons and confetti,
City of hearties, of birthday parties!
Oh streets of valentines in long lines,
Great garden of mocking bird melody!
Oh filigree city of fogs and mystery!
Far from the old hive, far from my home,
I was dreaming of love like honeycomb.
And, startling pathways, starry-white
Were revealed by the lightning and street light,
Revealed,
Revealed by the lightning and street light.

II.

Buzzing autos, like black bees
Hurried through the magnolia trees,
Then billboards, to make nations stare
Came into the vision, flashy, and vain,
Washed by the midnight sea-born rain.
Washed by the midnight sea-born rain,
They went like cliffs up to the sky,
America's glories flaming high,
Festooned cartoons, an amazing mixture,
Shabby, shoddy, perverse and twistical,
Shamefully boastful, shyly mystical.
Politics, with all its tricks, both old parties in a fix!
Donkey and elephant short of breath
La Follette scaring them half to death.

The snappy Saturday Evening Post
Displaying, and advertising most
The noisiest things from coast to coast.
Exaggerated Sunday papers,
Comic sheets like scrambled eggs
And Andy Gump's first-reader capers;—
All on those billboards to the sky.
Who put them there, in the way, and why?
Pictured skyscrapers of the night,
Marble-topped, tremendous, white!
There were Arrow-collar heroes proud,
Holding their heads above the crowd,
Looking for love like honeycomb.
There was many an ice cream soda vendor.
There were business kings in a daisy chain,
Then movie queens in a daisy chain,
Sugar faced, unlaced, and slender:—dreaming of love like honeycomb.

Then all the rascals of the land,
All the damned for the last ten years,
Rising from their doom with tears,
Skeletons, skeletons, leather and bone,
Each dead soul chained to a saxophone—
Watching the roaring storm above,
Looking for honey-dreams, and love.
All on those billboards to the sky!
Who put them there, in the way, and why?

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Then a railroad map of the U. S. A.,
Then a soul-road map of the U. S. A.,
Showing all the flowers of the land,
But nowhere, love like honeycomb.
Only signboards, only billboards,
Washed by the midnight sea-born rain,
Washed by the midnight sea-born rain.

There were open boxes of fine cigars,
As big and bold as Pullman cars.
And on the brass-bound lids of these
Old Spain was pictured as you please.
But why were these billboards to the sky—
Who put them there, in the way, and why?

III.

And then I thought all the splendor had gone—
I was in darkness—plunging on.
On the left were summer resort and lawn,
And the flash of the car of the midnight train.
On the right—little waves, then great waves
Then masts and shafts, then the wrecks of rafts—
Then the wrecks of the galleons of Spain.

Red coins, then jewels, drowned parrots, drowned peacocks,
Then a tolling sound, a tolling sound,
Then the wrecks of the galleons of Spain,
Rolling by, rolling on in the rain. . . .
Love-calls, death-cries; drowned pirates, drowned beauties—
Drowned Incas, then drowned Montezumas;
First friars of Quetzal, then nuns of Quetzal,
First friars of Christendom, then nuns of Christendom,
Lost faces, sweet as the honeycomb.
Rolling by, rolling on in the rain,
Rolling by, rolling on in the foam.

And I said: "I will march 'til my soul re-awakes,"
And I said: "My mind with marveling sings
That 'courage and sleep, courage and sleep are the principal things,'"

For there came dead eagles, then dead panthers,
Then, millions of men to the edge of the sky:—
Dead Spanish legions, from the deep sea regions—
While increasing rain whipped the sea and the air.
Then there came a noise like a vulture crying.
Then there came a cheering, cheering sound—
Bullrings slowly whirling around,
Bullrings, bullrings, round and round.
Then waves like Seminoles, waves like Negroes,
Dragging up their chains from the deep,
Singing of love like honeycomb.
Then waves like tobacco fields, waves like corn fields,
Waves like wheat fields, turning to battlefields.
Then round table crusaders, then world-paraders,
Tall kings in shining silver line
As though for a miracle and a sign,
Singing songs like Spanish wine!

Then I saw the bad Pizzaro,
Then hours of dewy jungle-glow—
Dim Peru and Mexico.
Then the wild seeker, Coronado singing of love like honeycomb,
With all his furious train foaming by in the rain,
Singing in eternal sleep,
Lifted, singing from the deep.
Then the tall town of Eldorado,
Passing by, like a fog and a shadow.
And then I saw a girl more pale
Than any fairy ever shone—
A white light in the southern night.
As cold as the north Auroral light
Reigning over the sea alone!
My heart was like a burning world,
I saw it flame above the dawn,
Her robe, her footstool and her throne!
And she was like a moon and pearl
And like an alabaster stone!
So far away in the utmost sky!
Her beauty like the honeycomb
The secret love, Glory and Fate—
Her wings from the earth to Heaven's gate,
A pillar in the dawn apart.
Then she was gone. The dawn was gone.
Black storm, black storm! And I plunged on!
Then lightning bolts across the sky,
Then a great bubble like a dome,
In whirling, whirling, whirling splendor,
Then Sancho Panza! Then Don Quixote,
He, who could not know surrender,
Glory's ultimate contender,
Singing in eternal sleep,
Lifted, singing from the deep,
Singing of love like honeycomb!
Then windmills, windmills, round and round,
Then a great storm, a fearful cry, a bell of doom—
A tolling sound, a tolling sound, a tolling sound
Then the wrecks of the galleons of Spain—
Rolling by, rolling on in the rain
Rolling by, rolling on in the foam.

By these ships, on the right were the red waves cleft.
Then, again, on the left, stood the billboards there,
Queerly fine to the zenith line,
Overhead to the zenith line—
Washed by the midnight sea-born rain,
Washed by the midnight sea-born rain,
Gleaming down, as the wrecks went by,
Looking at fair, lost Spain!

Between these visions I plunged on,
And straight ahead came the wonder of dawn,
In that foggy dawn:—storm-washed Biloxi!
The piers were wrecks, street-cars were wrecks, side-walks were wrecks.
Yet straight ahead arose from the dead
The valentine, filigree, towers of mystery,
The snow-white skyscrapers of new history.

Oh fantasy, sugar, and mockery!
Oh mocking birds in their whimsy!
Oh pretty, lazy Biloxi,
City haughty and fair, knowing not why:—
And—looking high at the mast-filled sky—
Haughtily, patronizingly there,
Looking up at the ghost-filled sky,
Looking at fair, lost Spain.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

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Hush! It's Butler!

WHAT is a conspiracy of silence? I should suppose that sinister phrase to point the accusing finger at a plot. The hazing trick of putting a man "in Coventry" is a conspiracy of silence. By common agreement, reinforced very likely by ancient custom, all his schoolmates conspire to ignore his presence. That is the real thing, and atrocious enough, God knows. But if you ring up a friend and no one answers the phone, is that a conspiracy of silence? If you take down the receiver and fail to get central, and stand there first on one foot and then on the other picturing your operator powdering her nose, renewing her gum, refreshing her spirit by a flirtation with the wire chief, or, most sinister of all, deliberately overlooking this line because she knows it is you, her enemy, and if after twenty minutes of impotent raging you discover that you forgot to put a nickel in, is that a conspiracy of silence? Or is it a symptom of constitutional psychopathic inferiority?

Samuel Butler was the victim of an organized conspiracy of silence. That has come to be the official story of all the Butlerites. All the blurbs on all the jackets repeat the sorry tale. And the awful truth is that Butler called Darwin a liar and Huxley advised Darwin to ignore it. For seven years Butler raved. He wrote letters to all the editors. But Darwin would not bite back. Ergo: conspiracy!

A chronology of this extraordinary one-sided quarrel is published as an appendix to Henry Festing Jones's life of Butler. It was that important! Seven years were occupied by its active phase. Thereafter Butler was willing but Darwin was dead; dead men tell no lies. The consummation of the conspiracy!

Butler had become interested in evolution—never mind how. With his vividly personal, gossipy mind and his perversely upside down imagination he had formed a picture of the animal kingdom that was the precise opposite of the prevailing scientific view. The animals are like men, and the plants are like the animals. All creation is a vast agglomeration of humanity. The embryo grows to be a man because it remembers how it used to do when it was part of a man—and such like nonsense.

Obviously he knew nothing at first hand about the facts of comparative anatomy, and was at most offering a purely speculative interpretation of the same series of relations among the species which Darwin had pictured with such irresistible wealth of illustration. But the Erewhonian was disturbingly facetious about his heresies. Undoubtedly he was presuming to regard evolution as a matter to be disposed of by literary skill alone. That, of course, would not do. When, therefore, he gave his views their first extended exercise in Life and Habit (of which a new edition has just been published by E. P. Dutton and Co.) the scientists polished him off with little ceremony. "A want of practical experience," wrote Alfred Russell Wallace in a review of the book, "leads the author to take an erroneous view of the bearing of his own theories on those of Mr. Darwin." R. I. P.!

But this beating scarcely scotched the snake of heresy. Two years after the publication of this work Darwin sponsored an English translation of a German essay on his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin. In an introduction his modesty, apparently, led him to disavow responsibility for the text. It was, he said, a translation pure and simple. The translation closed with the following fateful words: "Erasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge his grandson has opened up for us, but to wish to renew it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy." Now Samuel Butler had claimed Erasmus Darwin as an ally against his grandson. Therefore he read this essay. Therefore also he judged, and probably he was right, that this sentence was aimed at him. " 'That's me,' I said to myself promptly."

At this point the chronological table is important. Evolution Old and New, Butler's second and violently overt attack on Darwin had appeared between the date of German publication and the date of issue of the translation. Instantly Butler's restless imagination set to work. To understand the ensuing explosion one must renew old acquaintance with Butler's peculiar temperament. He was obviously a very truculent and opiniated man. In Erewhon and The Way of All Flesh (then already in process of composition) he had staked his judgment against church and state and fireside, against education and against morality. But he was equally timorous. All his life he was in deathly fear of pecuniary embarrassment. He never screwed himself up to the resolution to marry the one woman in the world he thoroughly admired though he knew she would marry him. And after writing Erewhon he published it anonymously. The Way of All Flesh was cached for the duration of his life (fifteen years after its completion) and issued posthumously. Another book, a travesty on orthodox theology, was brought out with the double blind of a false name and a faked biographical note on the supposed author. All this was in his system at the time of the Darwin controversy.

The truth seems to be that Butler was a little cracked on the subject of authorship. Consider his astounding argument upon the authorship of the Odyssey. His reaction was instantaneous: who was the author of the mental anachronism note? He sent straight off for the German text. The offending sentence was not in it. An explanation was demanded of Darwin. It came by return mail. Darwin knew nothing; the German author must have altered his own text in translation. This was too thin, really. Butler "though of Buffon, of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Lamarck" and the others, and "when I thought of these great men, now dumb, who had borne the burden and the heat of the day and whose laurels had been filched from them" he thought that Darwin was a liar and wrote to the Athenaeum to say so.

Poor old Darwin was flabbergasted. He had passed seventy. The whole scientific world was doing him honor. He was withal an utterly humorless man who confessed he saw nothing in painting, poetry or music. He also was inclined to stickle over priority of authorship. At his own great crisis he had shown himself unable to let Wallace's brilliant essay on natural selection go to press without a tender of his own prior but unpublished formulations. What should he do? He wrote two pompous rejoinders and on the advice of Huxley suppressed them both. This was the great conspiracy! But he never got away from Samuel Butler, and neither have the Butlerites. The "scientific" books were written in controversy; they have survived in myth. As for me, I feel like the Virginian: Darwin is dead, Butler, and so are you. Always excepting the Erewhons and The Way of All Flesh.

C. E. A.

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Democracy Re-Saved

Democracy and Leadership, by Irving Babbitt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

IT is more than likely that the unified essays that go to make up Professor Babbitt's latest book constitute brilliant literary studies. They certainly have excellence of style, they have breadth of sweep, they have keen insight into historical characters, they have robust confidence in themselves. But the book claims to be more than literary criticism: it pretends not only to sublime art but to mundane truth. Indeed it aspires to be a sort of propaedeutic to social and political salvation. And every author is entitled to be judged against the background of his most serious pretensions.

In this volume Professor Babbitt has weighed again the modern age, and again has found it seriously wanting. Its poverty is not openly manifest in its raiment, but is deeply pernicious in its inner spirit. Discovering no curative wisdom in this age, he appeals to the "the wisdom of the ages." This wisdom of the ages teaches in the large that "behind all imperialism is ultimately the imperialistic individual." From an alarmed view of our democratic woes, we are led thus to psychology for insight. The author confesses to a lack of competency in the political field; and the reader completes the confession by extending it to psychology, as the literary variety of the psychology becomes progressively apparent. Political prejudices buttressed thus by psychological (im)pieties confessedly do not furnish ground for great expectation. Indeed, further notice of such a book in critical circles would need apology were it not so thoroughly representative of any number of wisdom books now issuing from the citadel that humanism has erected on the banks of our democratic stream as an asylum for retired aristocrats.

The author's unsureness of touch in dealing with concrete social realities is well seen in a passage where he declares that the difficulty the Greek city-states had in getting together was due to "the very reason that each state had different gods." His perspective is seldom thus distorted, however, when he deals with persons. He enters so thoroughly into the spirit of Plato that he is willing under the name of genuine democracy to rebuild Plato's aristocratic Republic 'in this green and sunny land.' The social unity that his soul craves must be, as with Plato, a unity of subordination resting on humble acquiescence rather than a unity of participation resting upon genuine equality.

But there is no bungling of technique here, any more than there is in Plato, to arouse the suspicion of the rabble. All is done decently and in order—in the name of liberty and democracy and for the end of human brotherhood. The technique is worthy of careful study by every believer in democratic institutions. Soothing Demos at the start by such sentiments as "the only true freedom is freedom to work" and "it is work that makes the world go round," the author cautiously differentiates three levels of work,—manual, intellectual, ethical. Now justice consists, as with Plato, in each man's staying on his own level and doing his own job. But what is man's specific task? Nature has seen to that by mixing with the souls of some, brass, of others, silver, and of still others, gold. But Nature failed, even as with Plato, to provide each grade of ability with such consciousness of its kind as would automatically prevent its aspiring to more honorable levels. Nature's extremity is, however, man's opportunity. What is education good for if not to catch humans young and level their aspirations down to a prescribed occupational status?

The reader with a feeling for the enormous responsibility that this scheme is putting into somebody's hands, will see why Babbitt's preoccupation is with leadership—the substitution, as he so well puts it, of "the doctrine of the right man for the doctrine of the right of man." The ethical paradigms gracing the head of the social hierarchy are of course to be the leaders. They must, as with Aristotle, be supported in leisure and comfort and high honor. True, they serve no function except, as Babbitt put it, "by setting society a good example." But impatient manual laborers must remember that they also work who only stand and pose. The question, then, is already answered as to what it is that education must instill as its prime virtue. For keeping lowbrows in their places, Plato relied on Temperance—"unanimity as to which class should govern"—Christianity relied on Grace—the duty of average mortals to take their cues of action from somebody above them—but Babbitt hopes to save the profound wisdom of these heritages and to heighten it by teaching men Humility. This is the virtue without whose universal dissemination among the young and observance by all, democracy cannot be saved.

The fruits of this humility among manual workers will consist in their contentment with their lot and in looking to the scientific men for guidance. Scientific men in turn shall be humble in looking up to ethical workers, acknowledging, but envying not, the latter's superiority. But before what higher loyalty shall this moral aristocracy be humble? Here Babbitt is plainly troubled; for his boasted naturalism robs him of the consoling subordination furnished to Plato by his Ideas and to Christians by their God. These gone, man must lift himself by his own bootstraps. But first the boots must be made by toilers on lasts furnished them by intellectuals. Only the few who work ethically by doing nothing except being their illustrious selves shall have the adventure of being uplifters. But the question remains, lift to what? The beyond to which they must lift men is within themselves. Babbitt states the higher level in terms of some ethical or real or superior will before which man's natural will, his "expansive desires," are to tremble like some guilty thing surprised.

The analysis breaks off here in general fuzzy-mindedness for want of a completing metaphysics. His psychology is left with appealing hands held out to empty air. But this omission constitutes no irreparable defect; for the superiority metaphysics of either Platonism or of Christianity would satisfy the psychology perfectly. Or if one prefers a semblance of originality, let him merely give free rein to the same desires that for Babbitt have already built his psychology and his political science. Those desires may be fully trusted to create out of whole cloth just the metaphysics needed to match and complete what the author has already done. But even the judicious suppression of its absolutistic foundations cannot obscure the fact that once rescued by such an heroic plan, democracy will not be worth saving.

But fortunately for millions of us commoner mortals, democracy is not to be saved by either demagogues or dilettantes. Democracy may need a doctor but it does

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not need a savior; for it is a process that does not wholly fail in its failures and can be made to fail less only through slow but constant stimulation of its own self-corrective tendencies. These soured children, who with delightful irony call themselves humanists and with biting tongues call their fellow-intellectuals pseudo-scientists, will have time to think twice before their bickering sways the stars from their courses. The disappointment of these self-constituted ethical leaders of this perverse generation is easily understood, and with it one may even sympathize. They have piped and democracy has not danced; they have mourned and democrats have not lamented. But if humanity will not come to humanism, then ought humanism to make a pilgrimage to humanity. At least it is written in the racy wisdom of the young that even if one dislikes the hand that feeds him, it is better to manicure than to bite it. Meanwhile the democrat cannot fail to note with satisfaction that even the literary psychologists from Plato to Babbitt have in their insistence upon the multiple make-up of human nature been unconscious prophets of a social order in which each man shall through training of all his capacities be encouraged to participate in all the processes of society rather than be doomed to the unrelieved monotony of a highly specialized occupation selected for him before he was born. That the humanists do not see this discrepancy between their psychology and their politics but indicates that some unsocial wish is father to their logic.

T. V. Smith.

Terrorism When It's White

Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary, by Oscar Jaszi. London: P. S. King and Son. 15s.

The Tragedy of Hungary, by Louis K. Birinyi. Cleveland: Louis K. Birinyi. $3.00.

If you wanted to help a being from another planet to understand something of the cynicism of the post-war world you might give him this book on Hungary by Dr. Jaszi. From it he would get an accurate idea of the spirit in which men have conducted their public affairs since 1918. Also he would report on his return to his own sphere that he had found here below an interesting species with many good qualities but singularly lacking in two: the capacity to learn and the capacity to reason.

Hungary is a good illustration. Here is a country that before the War was a backward feudalism, with a rich landed nobility, a landed gentry and a great mass of illiterate, oppressed peasantry. Within its confines also were alien minorities, equally oppressed, and a smouldering hatred between the ruling race and the various minorities. A country like that is plunged into war. In the war the disparity between the classes is widened still further. The oligarchy waxes fatter with profiteering or at most loses nothing, the mass is butchered off in the trenches or bled thin at home. The defeated army crumbles and swarms into the capital, disorganized, unfed, unemployed, embittered and made reckless by four years of violence. The sudden break up loosens such checks as are left. The population, especially the returned soldiers, is fired by the spirit of revolution abroad everywhere in Europe and the keener in Hungary because of past oppressions. The collapse of the imperial regime in Vienna and the passing of the monarchy leave a void in Hungary. To fill it a moderate, semi-radical republic is formed.

The oligarchy, too blind to world movements and too greedy to be satisfied with the temperate reform proposals of the government—reforms that would only have brought the country out of the middle ages into the present—obstructs the government in every way and sabotages with the sole object of returning to feudalism and its own fattening. Simultaneously the disorganization produced by the War and the influx of hordes of troops and refugees from the occupied lands pile up chaos. The victorious Allies, with professions of idealistic war aims behind them, continue the blockade after the Armistice and add privation as a destructive force. With the example of Russia for encouragement the cry for revolution becomes more insistent. The two ends of oligarchic obscurantism and Bolshevik revolution close in on a government seeking to hold a median course. The coup de grâce is finally given by the Allies. In violation of all their protestations, in violation even of the Armistice terms, they present an ultimatum demanding the evacuation of still more Hungarian territory, permanently truncating it. Blind, desperate, back-to-the-wall nationalism is added to chaos and revolutionary clamor, and that happens which no power on earth could then prevent—all government is swept away and the communists seize control.

The communist revolution is abortive. No government can build out of ruins on shifting sands, still less a communist minority, and least of all when it is fought by every element of power within and put in chancery by the whole outer world. As revolutions go, it is fairly free from bloodshed, despite the vicious propaganda spread throughout Europe and America. No more than four hundred are killed, and those as much from the breakdown of authority after the war as from Bolshevism as such.

Foredoomed, then, by natural causes as well as by its own blunders of dogmatism and inexperience, the communist government in its turn is swept away and is succeeded by a White counter-revolution. Then follows an orgy of terrorism, bestial in its cruelty. Bands of officers, terror detachments they come to be called, roam the country, arresting, torturing and executing at will and without pretense of trial. Thousands are interned in foul camps. Jewish shops are looted, the males killed and the women violated. Every day floating bodies are picked up from the surface of the Danube. There is no concealment. Dr. Jaszi gives names, dates and places, though as a minister in the first republican government he is as much anti-communist as anti-White.

At the head of the White dictatorship is Horthy, an obscure, arriviste naval officer, surrounded—he still is—by the commanders of the worst of the terror detachments, against some of whom formal murder charges have been made. The Horthy regime is an unconcealed dictatorship, without pretense of government by due process of law. Such rights as the people had won even in the old days are withdrawn. There is dictatorship by camarilla.

All of Europe and America, while quarantining Soviet Russia as a plague spot and branding Lenin an Anti-Christ, acclaim the White régime in Hungary and send their ministers to dine with Horthy and his terrorist officers. Germany and Austria are relentlessly disarmed in accordance with the peace treaties, Hungary is permitted without protest and even assisted to equip an army

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in violation of the peace treaties. For Russia's dictatorship is of the proletariat, Hungary's of the oligarchy. And now the final accolade of approval is laid on terrorism when it is white. Hungary gets an international loan, thus buttressing the weakening Horthy régime, with no check laid on its activities, no conditions made as to the restoration of constitutional government. And an American is sent as supervising functionary on behalf of the lenders. While Mr. Hughes will have none of Russia, for it is a dictatorship governing without consent of the governed.

Can one lay down this volume by Dr. Jaszi and still say that at this point in history reason operates in men's conduct of their public affairs—or decency of instinct?

Mr. Birinyi's book is worth notice only because it is so representative of the genteel, counter-revolutionary propaganda with which America has been inundated by White spokesmen. "Governor Horthy is an admirable Christian gentleman . . . first, last and always a Christian Hungarian. . . . His grateful countrymen elected him governor of Hungary." What is the matter with Hungary, with the whole world indeed? Jews. In fact, the Jewish advisers behind Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando are responsible for the iniquities of the Treaty of Versailles. It should be added that the publisher of Mr. Birinyi's book is Mr. Birinyi.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Three Travellers and the World

Across the Great Craterland to the Congo, by T. Alexander Barns. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

The Sultan of the Mountains, by Rosita Forbes. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.00.

Ports and Happy Places, by Cornelia Stratton Parker. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

CIRCUMNAVIGATING the world by air and piercing the depths of space with radio communication has not gathered together all the draw strings of the outlying darknesses of earth, Mr. T. Alexander Barns, of England, for instance, has located a region hitherto but little traversed, which to judge from his descriptions must be as romantic and mysterious as the face of the moon might conceivably be were it fledged with amazing heights of green grass and forested with the dark richness of euphorbias and other tropical and archaic forms of trees. In the center of this region is a great crater some twelve miles across—the largest volcanic fragment known on earth—in which thousands of head of big game have constant refuge. Mr. Barns's trip was for the purpose of capturing a butterfly, which he had seen on a previous trip but had been unable to take, a great unknown insect inhabiting the river forests of the Belgian Congo. He was unsuccessful in this one object but acquired a collection of known and unknown animals and insects which has rarely been equalled. Still more important to the reader is the fact that he captured the romance of an awesome and unstraitened wild where the leopard and the cannibal lie in wait for their firm-fleshed human victims in defiance of Belgian law, where the parrots and wide-eyed monkeys scream from the black branches of fantastic trees at files of naked men carrying heavy boxes of washed gold from mysterious streams out toward the civilization which covets but does not understand the treasures of the equatorial darkness.

From the entomology and anthropology of Mr. Barns to the extraordinary tale which Mrs. Rosita Forbes has to tell is not such a far cry as it might seem. Raisuli, known to Americans as the bandit who some years ago captured an American, Perdicaris, and held him for ransom, is much more than a bandit. Mrs. Forbes, who has here told his life story, has named him "The Sultan of the Mountains." Raisuli represents the middle stages of human life, life lived at white heat among the blanched mountains which stretch southward from the civilized Mediterranean. In Raisuli's domain there is no richness of tropical splendor such as Mr. Barns found in eastern equatorial Africa, but a fierce bareness, a sullen yielding of earth to the requirements of a yet unsoftened race. And although Raisuli and his people are civilized the life which is before them has not yet frozen into a mirror in which there is nothing reflected but the shape and the requirements of man. There is still a transparency, through which the earthly conditions and the meaning of living glitter upon the eye. The tribes that acknowledge the Sultan Raisuli are primitive tribes, but they are dominant and have made of their primitive condition and intent a weapon which keeps them as safe as the Congo jungles are safe in their way. They have defeated Spain and gained their own sovereignty and they will live.

Mrs. Cornelia Stratton Parker's book presents the third face of the stone of life. Mrs. Parker is a cultivated, witty, vivacious woman whose field of travel is among the suave relics of European culture as far from Euphorbia trees and jungle leopards as from the tribal warfare of North Africa. She took her three children, resolved upon giving them a chance to see and experience the genialities of Europe, and plunged with a great deal of courage into the heart of the continent. She is the sophisticated, if simple woman of today—almost with a capital W—adventuring among the monuments. She has gusto, forbearance, and resolution. Her book is something more than a delightful personal record. It is a document of exploration in regions which still for all their ruin and their shroud of history have something to yield to a brilliant young American and her brood. One feels that the young Parkers will be worth watching.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

The Science of Autosuggestion

Mobilizing the Mid-Brain, by Frederick Pierce. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

AMONG the short cut methods of increasing human happiness are found the various systems of mental healing, such as Christian Science, the autosuggestion scheme of Coué, and certain religious cults. Although some of these devices are based on the questionable concepts of the spirit, the Universal Good, or the kind, rate and plane of "vibrations," all of them possess virtues in one form or another, and they have the obvious advantage of being expressed in a language which the people understand. While some of these beliefs are quite absurd from the scientific point of view, much of the criticism which has been directed against them has come from individuals who

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have not served the world as well as the simple but well-meaning Frenchman. However, a danger still remains that the simplified road to happiness will leave an erroneous impression of life in general by disregarding important scientific facts.

A common tendency is current to accept the doctrines of only one school of psychotherapy and exclude all rival views. Obviously the best plan is to take account of any method which is useful and scientific; and we are glad to note that Mr. Pierce is not only a good student of autosuggestion, Freudianism, and endocrinology, but has also had considerable experience as a clinical psychologist. He gives a well-written and reliable discussion of the most important aspects of psychotherapy, and his work is designed to be of value to both the well and the sick.

The author advocates the Freudian technique in studying the unconscious wishes and conflicts which are giving trouble. He describes a method of systematically relaxing the large muscles of the body, and claims that it is only in this passive state that autosuggestion can be used most effectively. Suggestion, however, does not consist simply in repeating certain phrases over and over, but must be used intelligently by one who has a general knowledge of physiology and objective psychology. Mr. Pierce takes proper account of the work of Sherrington, Cannon, and other investigators who have well deserved the respect accorded them by the scientific world.

From the psychological point of view the most important characteristic of the human organism is the reaction arc, since it ordinarily accounts for the fact that a stimulus or impression may evoke a response. In the first phase of this process a physical stimulus affects the sense organ, and an impulse passes along nerve fibers to the brain. Just what happens in this "automatic central station" is still a matter of speculation, but the impulse frequently comes out of the brain and passes along another set of nerve fibres to contract a muscle or cause some activity in a gland. Many stimuli have to be connected with certain responses by training, and this association process accounts for all of our knowledge and skill and many of our conscious and unconscious impulses. If a person makes a number of uncommon reactions, he is said to be hysterical; and the cure for this disorder consists simply in breaking down the disturbing reactions or in establishing counter reaction-tendencies.

It is important to remember that a reaction may be affected by influencing any part of the reaction arc. Thus a change in the activity of a sense organ, nervous connection, muscle, or gland may produce hysterical behavior or be the means of curing it. The method of autosuggestion simply produces an effect on the body by directly influencing the brain; and it is therefore somewhat limited in its scope. The author recognizes that pains may be the sign of a serious physical trouble, and in these cases he most emphatically recommends the services of a competent physician.

There is apparently no danger in using such a method as the author describes except in the case of distinctly abnormal people, and it will be of value in curing many functional disorders, such as inability to sleep, undue tension, quick fatiguability, constipation, timidity, etc. Although some of the "day by day" phrases seem a little fantastic and weird at first, they are far superior to our common day-dreams, and irrational superstitions and worries.

Psychotherapy should not be looked upon as something esoteric and peculiar, since all people use it to some extent. Taking a square look at our faults and motives is part of the technique of psychoanalysis; while convincing ourselves that nothing is to be gained by worrying, that we are really not as tired as we thought, and that we have been unreasonable in our judgment, is the common device of autosuggestion. Much of the success which the suggestion method has already attained is due to its applicability to everyday experiences.

HULSEY CASON.

A Negro Anthology

An Anthology of Verse by American Negroes, by Newman Ivey White and Clinton Jackson, with an introduction by James Hardy Dillard, Ph.D., LL.D. Trinity College Press. $2.00.

> As southern white men who desire the most cordial relations between the races we hope this volume will help its white readers more clearly to understand the Negro's feelings on certain questions that must be settled by the coöperation of the two races. From the same point of view we hope that Negro readers, too accustomed, perhaps, to a debilitating literary patronage, will not misinterpret as unfriendly a critical attitude in which we have tried to supplant patronage with honest, unbiased appraisal.

THIS, from the introduction, is unquestioned evidence of the new spirit regarding the Negro problem which is guiding the youth of the South today. In our rush to sing paeans of virtue to the phillipic "new" Negro, it is not unlikely that we may have lost sight of the fact that there are also southern whites who are susceptible to the gospel of liberalism and fair play when it comes down to applying it to the Negro.

It is regrettable that this volume, "ready for the press in 1921," did not make its appearance then, for it is without doubt the best anthology of American Negro poetry that has yet appeared. Good as is Kerlin's book, this is much superior to it; it lacks that work's passionate academicianism. Putting it alongside the Johnson compilation the latter suffers visibly. Here, for the first time, is a genuinely critical estimate of Negro poetry. As indicated in the paragraph quoted, it does not pretend to grovel before its subject. Nor do its editors assume a lofty, unsympathetic attitude.

To match Mr. Johnson's essay on the creative genius of the Negro there is an introduction of some twenty-six pages by Professor White which is the most brilliant, the most illuminating appraisal of Negro poetry. In it we find that "Negro poets have not yet, as a class, risen to the levels of poetry attained by many white poets far more richly endowed with leisure and cultural background." Professor White attributes this to (1) the lack of cultural opportunities of the poet ("Dunbar derived his love of poetry from a mother who had acquired it from a more cultivated white mistress") and (2) because his own race had few men capable of giving him the sympathetic assistance he needed. Braithwaite, he states, developed his poetry from such contacts.

Making liberal use of Arthur Schomburg's Bibliographical Checklist of American Negro Poetry, Professors White and Jackson have exhumed, along with a few others, two poets the exclusion of either of whom would be a serious loss to any anthology of American Negro

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poetry. They are Charles L. Reason and J. Mord Allen. Reason's Freedom, a poem of 168 lines, is "the best ante-bellum Negro poem extant." Professor White tells us that "Whittier wrote worse anti-slavery stanzas than some of the black poet's." Though a poet of slight stature, Allen possesses "a central and sober sanity in his poetry that reveals an intellectual poise equalled by very few other Negro writers. He is not too race-sensitive to expose and laugh at the professional agitator. His poems show a humorous and tolerant observance of human nature and a narrative ability hardly inferior to the same traits in Dunbar." Of course we find in this essay also the absurd discovery that there is a "jaded bitterness" in the poems of Claude McKay and that "some of his poems are too erotic for good taste and conventional morality."

Including selections from T. Thomas Fortune to Countee P. Cullen, it is bulwarked with a bibliography that is at once exhaustive and stimulating. Then, in addition, there is about it the flavor—the desire, burning and impassioned,—to be fair and square to these black bards, to overlook their race and judge their work according to the universally accepted standards of literature.

ERIC D. WALROND.

Six Novels

The Little French Girl, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

NO more attractive fruit will grow in the fiction orchard this present season than Miss Sedgwick's people. Her French characters have the sweet dry taste of grapes of good vintages; the English, the tart flavor and mellow crispness of apples. Alix who stands between the two groups is a carefully ripened peach. All Miss Sedgwick's products suggest horticulture. Her theme springs from the rich soil of decaying civilization—the mother-lover-daughter pattern which Henry James presented with adroit tenderness in The Awkward Age, and Maupassant more brutally in Fort Comme la Mort. The Little French Girl owes its distinction mainly, however, to its international aspect—its skilful contrast between two races in taste, in manners, in modes of thought and moral habits, delicately woven on the ingenuous background of a child's mind. "A kind, capacious house, promising comfort; but how ugly, thought Alix, as they alighted; 'Combien peu interessante.'" "The talk made Alix think of the thick slices of bread-and-butter that Ruth and Rosemary and Giles were eating, it was so kindly and useful." In The Little French Girl as in Tante and Adrienne Toner, Miss Sedgwick's chief preoccupation is with the symmetry of structure and elegance of style appropriate to literature. Yet more abundantly than its predecessors it lives. Miss Sedgwick apparently cultivates life for the sake of literature, and we shall not dispute her method, the fruit thereof being so pleasant.

Hetty Geybert, by Georg Hermann. Translated by Anna Barwell. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THE story of a girlhood in the suburbs of Berlin in the early half of the nineteenth century, told with quite wonderful patience and delicacy and tragic feeling. Hetty is the daughter of a Jewish burgher family, all the more daughter because she is an orphan. Family and racial experience determine her fate. The older generations tread her down. But her footsteps are beautiful on the pavements of Kloster and Koenig streets and the parkways of Charlottenburg. The old city comes to life for us as she passes by—and the home above her uncle's counting-house, with its innumerable properties of bourgeois elegance, restored with the faithful detail of Dutch painting. Like Buddenbrooks, Hetty Geybert brings back the old German burgher life, measured and formal and slow, silvered over with the enchantment which the past cannot deny even to the Biedermeyer period. And it recalls the old themes of youth, love and death which belong in classic dignity to every period.

The Tattoed Countess, by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

THERE is nothing tattooed about Mr. Van Vechten. He changes his spots as he might change his spats. After the whimsical extravagence of Peter Whiffle and the urbane persiflage of The Blind Bow Boy, with almost preternatural gravity he addresses himself to the well known problem of the return of the native. It is the cosmopolitan Countess Nattatorrini who returns to the provinces of her youth in Maple Valley, Iowa. There are the usual aspects of the situation, the homely reality of the midwestern American scene, the comedy of incomprehensible interests and incommensurable standards, the pathos of home ties broken by foreign intrigue, but Mr. Van Vechten does not seem greatly excited by them. The story takes the drab colors, the undistinguished contours of the Iowa landscape. Mr. Van Vechten is a virtuoso who improvises variations upon well known themes with a technique which, in the total absence of feeling, is itself finely contemptuous. Yet there is an air of good faith about the performance which is disarming. Doubtless when Mr. Van Vechten is gathered to the snows of yesteryear some critic will discover that this is his first novel, and bears his haughty challenge: My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Van Vechten.

Sallie's Newspaper, by Edwin Herbert Lewis. Chicago: Hyman-McGee Company. $2.00.

MR LEWIS writes novels frankly to serve his own intellectual purpose, to carry his own thoughts to market. These thoughts are various and interesting and important. His characters, whom he puts before us with a realistic bravura which forbids us to think of them merely as mouthpieces, sustain these themes in conversation; but in this latest book Mr. Lewis has developed a modern form for the novel of ideas in replacing the salon and the forum by the newspaper. The columns of the Daily Sun, divided according to topics, alphabetically arranged, like the author's own scholarly filing cases, become the vehicle for the encyclopædists of Seganku, Wisconsin. And as Mr. Lewis shows an engaging ingenuity in constructing and directing this vehicle, so he displays a whimsical impatience in crashing it to pieces when he is at his journey's end. The characters who embark with him under the novelist's usual guarantee of honorable matrimony are ruthlessly dumped out, with no transfers issued; and the editor, like a sophisticated Candide, is sent to work on the farm.

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Wings, by Ethel M. Kelley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

MISS KELLEY is incorrigibly devoted to the tour de force. In Wings she reveals the love affairs of an egoist in three episodes, presented in reverse order, Epilogue, End, and Beginning, and preserves her climax. She preserves also the manner appropriate to the point of view of each, the girlish staccato of the debutante's confession; the broken phrases, half of them stolen, which reveal the staleness of the hero's mind; the sustained tone of suffering of the abandoned woman. The method recalls Galsworthy's The Dark Flower, and Wings does not suffer by comparison. Indeed Miss Kelley's characters are more sharply etched; and in Paul Jasper Hutchinson she has avenged much of the pain of her sex and the boredom of ours.

Rue with a Difference, by Charles Recht. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

NO species of English fiction has had a longer or more honorable history than the novel of crime. When the gothic interest in the supernatural began to play out, early in the last century, crime served as its chief replacement in exciting horror. Bulwer, Ainsworth, Dickens, Collins, Reade all dealt heavily in the criminal novel, and Thackeray in Catherine showed the spurious quality of their goods. Now at the moment when the attention of the country is focussed on the trial at Chicago, comes Mr. Recht with his new novel of crime—and like Mr. Darrow he tells us that it is crime with a difference. His difference from the old external criminal novel, and his agreement with Mr. Darrow, lies in his device of emptying his hero's mind of all the miscellaneous stuff which it contains, and finding motivation enough for a dozen murders. Again, he joins Mr. Darrow in protest against the threadbare externality of our judicial procedure. "What did all the circumlocutions mean, and why were trivial incidents being marshalled forth in the finery of matters of import, when the things which actually counted . . . were not considered?" Lest it be thought that Mr. Recht's story lacks interest by reason of seriousness and social criticism, we hasten to add that it is unusually rich in fictional values. Its action would supply material for a moving picture drama, and Herbert Satterlee's mind would show up well on the screen.

R. M. L.

Contributors

SIDNEY HOWARD, journalist and playwright, was during the war, captain in the U. S. Air Service. He is the author of The Labor Spy, and his new book, Three Flights Up, will be published by Scribner's in the fall.

OSCAR JASZI, an authority on European politics and economics, is the author of Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary.

CHESTER T. CROWELL, a newspaper man for a number of years, is a contributor of stories and articles to current publications.

NATHANIEL PEFFER, a student of the Near and Far East, is a frequent contributor to the New Republic.

RAYMOND HOLDEN, author of Granite and Alabaster, a book of verse, has contributed reviews and articles to the New Republic and other periodicals.

HULSEY CASON is a contributor to scientific magazines.

ERIC D. WALROND writes on the Negro question for a number of periodicals.

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2. The Dancer of Shamahka, by Armen Ohanian. The life-story of an Oriental woman, told with charming simplicity and utter frankness. 12mo, cloth, N. Y., 1923. ($2.00) $1.25

3. The Creed of Half Japan, by Arthur Lloyd. Historical Sketches of Japanese Buddhism, beginning with a survey of Mahayana and its progress through China to Japan. A stimulating and scholarly work of nearly 400 pages in a hitherto neglected field. 12mo, cloth, N. Y., 1912. ($4.00) $2.25

4. Subjects Portrayed in Japanese Colour-Prints, by Basil Stewart. A Collector's Guide, with List of Artists, Reproductions of Artists' Signatures, Publishers' Seals and Actors' Crests; Bibliography and Index. A glorious book to possess if you are at all interested in Japanese art. With reproductions of over 270 prints, 22 in color. Folio, boards, N. Y., 1922. ($40.00) $20.00

5. Abdication, by Edmund Candler, author of "The Unveiling of Lhasa," etc. A story of modern India which dramatically presents the great struggle there in progress. The author, with fine detachment, depicts the idealism of the Gandhi movement and both the courage and stupidity of the English governing class. 12mo, cloth, N. Y., 1922. ($2.50) $1.25

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8. Syria: The Desert and the Sown, by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. A travel book of unusual attractiveness, as interesting as it is authoritative. The author is well known as a writer on Moslem architecture, and nothing in the domain of art and archaeology seems to have escaped her. Yet the human interest of her narrative is sustained throughout, and the 160 illustrations (including a colored frontispiece by Sargent) add greatly to the value of the work. 8vo, cloth, N. Y., 1907. ($5.00) $3.00

9. Gandhi, the Apostle: His Trial and His Message, by Haridas T. Muzumdar. An eloquent character study of Gandhi and an account of his trial and imprisonment, with a concise and brilliant review of India's history, material and spiritual. 12mo, cloth, Chicago, 1923. ($1.50) $1.00

10. Southern India. Painted by Lady Lawley; described by **F. E. Penny.** One of the attractive Black Color Series, notable because the majority of its fifty full-page color plates are of native types and costumes. The book is much prized for this reason and is becoming scarce. Royal 8vo., cloth, London, 1914. ($7.50) $5.00

11. Peking. A Historical and Intimate Description of its Chief Places of Interest, by Juliet Bredon. The new edition of this really remarkable work, fully revised and enlarged. Gives the romantic history and a full and delightful picture of China's virile old capital. A book that has won favorable reviews the world over. Contains 6 maps and plans and 24 illustrations. Thick 8vo, cloth, Shanghae, 1922. ($10.00) $7.50

12. The Jews of Asia, especially in the 16th and 17th Centuries, by Sidney Mendelssohn. A praiseworthy attempt to assemble much hitherto fugitive material upon this fascinating subject. An unusually readable book, with a portrait of the author and an excellent bibliography. 8vo, cloth, London, 1920. ($4.00) $2.35

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